

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

OF the effects of the elections on Mr. Johnson nothing is yet known. In a recent despatch to the Governor of Texas, he expresses in vague terms his confidence that the people will in the end escape from the influence of "passion and prejudice," and complete the work of reconstruction—we presume, in the way he thinks it ought to be completed. It has been inferred from this by some that he is still rooted in his "policy," but this is perhaps going too far. He does not reason much, and we question if he even makes plans for the future; so that it is not at all improbable that by the time Congress meets he may have got sufficiently accustomed to the situation to accept it, without having formed any very definite conclusion as to what is his duty in the matter. He is one of the large class of demagogues who indulge in absurd professions of confidence in the infallibility of the people as long as the people agree with them, but, the minute they find themselves in the minority, become philosophers, "rise above the passions of the hour," twirl their thumbs in a pitying way over the "madness" of their opponents, and gaze calmly into the future, waiting for what they call "the dawning of a better day." The ranks of the Democratic party have produced a very large fry of wise men of this sort, who, six years ago, when they were in the ascendant, outraged decency and common sense by the abject submission with which they bowed down before majorities, but who now deliver speeches that read like extracts from Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy. Mr. Johnson gazing down sorrowfully but hopefully on "the giddy multitude" would be a capital subject for a good caricaturist.

GENERAL SHERMAN and Mr. Campbell have been despatched to Mexico, not it seems as plenipotentiaries but reporters. They are to relate to Mr. Johnson what they see and hear, and he is then to make up his mind. They will probably see and hear a great deal, as the old factions seem to be growing strong and active in proportion to the fading of the imperial power. There will probably be a vigorous attempt made to oust Juarez unless we aid him, and if we aid him we shall have a very nice little job on our hands—neither more nor less than the reorganization of Mexican society and government. Considering the state of society and government in the Southwestern States of this Union, carping and captious people will probably say that Mr.

Johnson might find something better to do, both for himself and the country.

It appears that General Grant's order directing that offenders against life and property at the South, whom the civil authorities would neither arrest nor punish, should be dealt with by the military, has been revoked, and Northerners and freedmen have now no protection except such as Southern sheriffs choose to afford—which is simply none at all. The accounts received here of the state of things in the Southwest are very shocking, and there seems little hope for improvement unless Congress takes the whole matter of reconstruction into its own hands, and begins from the beginning. Mr. Johnson has so utterly botched it, and his talk and the talk of the Northern Conservatives have produced such an unfortunate effect on the Southern mind, that we begin to doubt very much whether his work can be made to furnish even a foundation for something better. In the meantime, society at the South is made every day more and more difficult to reclaim or reorganize by the spectacle of crime and outrage going unpunished. The faith of both blacks and whites in the existence of either law or government is necessarily shaken by the absence of all manifestations of their authority.

THE country districts seem to have been much shocked by the election of Mr. John Morrissey to the Fortieth Congress. We trust they will try to keep their indignation alive for a month or two, and show enough of it to force their representatives into expelling that gentleman from the House of Representatives whenever he takes his seat. If he is allowed to sit, Congress will disgrace itself and disgrace us all; and there need be no difficulty in getting rid of him. The House need have no hesitation in resolving that an ex-convict or the keeper of a gambling hell is an unfit person to sit in Congress, and turn Morrissey out under the resolution. Mr. Greeley has laid it down, in what Artemus Ward would call his "sarkastikal" way, that Morrissey, being a good specimen of his constituents, is a proper man to represent them; but, if this be a good rule, we must have representatives for all classes, and the burglars and grog-shop keepers and the criminal population of the country generally are entitled to send delegates to Congress who will fairly express the views of their constituents on property, marriage, and other human institutions.

STEPHENS, C. O. I. R., is said to have left the country, and to be on his way to Ireland to fling the sunburst to the breeze before New Year's day. By the time he is once more in jail, if he is really on his way thither, the Cisatlantic Fenians will be getting ready for fighting in Canada, for they intend to begin operations as soon as the ice breaks up, and that will be in February. Firms in Maiden Lane, they say, might tell of large quantities of buttons that are manufacturing for the Fenian army, each one of them ornamented with the Irish harp; and several large clothing houses are busily making the Fenian uniform, which consists of blue pantaloons with a green worsted cord down the outside seam of each leg, green blouse, blue cap with a green band, and over all the United States overcoat. Thirty thousand of these suits have been contracted for, and will be delivered on or before December 1. By the first day of February fifty thousand arms, breech-loaders, will be ready for the soldiery. Who is to lead the army? Two men—one a general officer who fought under, the other a general officer who fought against, Sherman in the West. If it will at all relieve the fears of the Canadians, and we presume they are familiar with the past history of the Brotherhood, we may add that these uniforms are to be furnished to the rank and file at the rate of \$12 apiece, and the money

is to be paid in at headquarters; so these dreadful notes of preparation, if our opinion goes for anything, certainly mean greenbacks for "the leading Irishmen of America" and other shrewd "centres" and "organizers," and probably mean no more.

THE Government commission appointed to enquire into the cause of the loss of the *Evening Star* have made their report, from which it appears that the ship was lost because the captain had not men enough to rig up a drag, and there was no carpenter to repair the covering of the hatchways. The report is a good one, but its greatest beauty is that nothing more will ever be heard about it. The owners of the ship, probably, read it with the same calm with which they would peruse a paper on sorghum, read by Horace Greeley at the American Institute, or some such place. If it has made any impression on them at all, it is probably one of faint admiration at the skill of the commission in finding out the cause of the disaster.

THE *Evening Post* took exception last week to an article of ours appearing in THE NATION of November 1, in which we expressed the opinion that the adoption of the amendment would not be a final settlement—that the party at the North who seek to base legislation as far as possible on the rules of abstract justice and morality would not be satisfied, but would keep agitating, and that their agitation would convulse the country as that of the anti-slavery men did, and would continue until the last trace of political discrimination based on color was removed from our laws. The *Post* considers this very "inconsiderate writing," and seems in some strange way to have arrived at the conclusion that we were proposing some very wild and revolutionary proceeding. We recommended nothing except the legal, regular, and constitutional adoption of certain principles of government which all intelligent observers see plainly are, either by peaceable reform or by violent revolution, triumphing in every civilized country. In other words, we recommended the "enactment of God's law," for the very good reason given by Daniel Webster—"that none other would stand." We generally agree with the *Post* as to the proper limits of the province of government, but we do not agree with it in thinking that those limits are well ascertained or can be traced by the aid of a general rule. The *Post* and Mr. Beecher have lately been led by this theory of theirs into some very deep mire, and we predict they will find it deeper the further they wade. The *Post*, by a too common rhetorical device, makes us answerable for the misdeeds and shortcomings of Congress by calling the majority "THE NATION'S men." We might with just as much justice call Fernando Wood and John Morrissey "the *Post's* men."

SWEET sixteen is not always particularly sweet in the school-room, and we suppose the girl who was whipped in Cambridge some months since very probably deserved it. It is not, although the *World* disagrees with us on this point, a case which calls for the establishment of a white young ladies' bureau in the nigger-loving State, with armies of the paid minions of power as officials. It does, however, call upon parents and school committees to decide each for themselves this question: whether refractory scholars shall be expelled from school for impudence or disobedience, or be, on occasion, whipped and suffered to go on with their education. Most parents, no doubt, admit that physical force is in the last resort properly to be used by themselves; and once concede, as most parents do, that children must be educated, and that the parent's place in that work must be filled by the teacher, and you have to grant the teacher also the use of physical force. But these are elementary principles. Generally one man in each school-district spends a part of his time kicking against them, and leads some young woman a dreadful life of tears and notes to the nearest committee-man for protection. But juries usually take upon themselves to extinguish him. The jury who tried the Cambridge school-master have just acquitted him.

TEXAS, as well as Georgia, has rejected the constitutional amendment with every appearance of unanimity. But Judge Reagan, and

we suppose there is no more influential Texan, has written a letter which we take to be as good an indication of the course that politics may pursue in that State as that furnished by the action of the Legislature. His plan is an original one. He opposes the amendment, but has the sense to see and to say that the North must in some way be satisfied, or a worse thing than the amendment may come upon the South. He would have Texas admit the principle of negro suffrage, and immediately grant the franchise to a certain class of negroes. This being done, and other good things in behalf of that race being done, he thinks it probable that Congress would not insist upon its present plan, but might restore Texas to its practical relations with the Union without diminishing the number of its representatives. Judge Reagan's scheme does him credit. There is nothing in it of Jenkins's stupidity, and he is not so well satisfied as Alexander H. Stephens that Samson may be tied up tight with small dry withes; but we confess we do not look for its adoption, and, the Georgia and the Texas Legislatures to the contrary notwithstanding, still less do we give up the expectation of seeing the amendment adopted.

THE Legislature of Georgia has formally and emphatically rejected the constitutional amendment, and done so in resolutions which contain a very full and candid reassertion of the old State-rights doctrine. This might be a sensible proceeding if the North regarded this doctrine as still an open question, to be decided either by arguing or voting; but it was, for all purposes of discussion, so effectually closed by the war that one finds it difficult to characterize the men who now revive it as an answer to the Northern offer of peace and reunion. In fact, the conduct of the Georgia Legislature simply confirms the doubts we expressed in our last number as to the depth of the Southern transformation. The institutions of the people are changed, but their minds do not seem to be. How much time and suffering it would save if the Milledgeville wisacres could bring themselves to perceive that the theory on which the North fought and the South resisted is now of no sort of consequence, any more than the theory on which Louis XVI. held his throne; that the North will not argue any more, and that, right or wrong, logical or illogical, whether the South be in or out of the Union, it must either come into it or stay in it on the same terms as New York. The Southern philosophers keep telling us what Webster said twenty years ago, and what Congress voted in 1860; but the answer to all this may be given in the words of Molière's maid—"Hippocrate dira ce qu'il lui plaira, mais le cocher est mort."

THE present unsettled and almost restless state of Europe is proof that the treaty of Prague was premature both for the parties that contracted it and for the French Emperor who compelled it. Italy alone seems to have obtained substantially what she was seeking, and, calmly awaiting the execution of the September convention, watches the departure of such rats as Francis II. from the sinking and all but engulfed Papacy. Elsewhere there is a general groping about for new alliances. Napoleon, who has no stomach for studying with the Duc d'Aumale the "balance-sheet of France"—for the past year or the past fifteen—and is withal busy in making Chassepot rifles for German targets, lends an uncertain support to Austria against her vanquisher, and dreams of a Franco-American alliance, based on respectful adhesion to the Monroe doctrine, that shall detach Russia from the great republic. Russia, meanwhile, forms a marriage connection with Denmark that might, if such things affected the polity of nations as they did a century ago, bring England and the Empire into intimate relations, and speedily, if there were any truth in the rumor that Prussia and Sweden are conspiring against the small domain of King Christian. As for Prussia, she is, between Bismark and the King, so little consistent that the attorney-general has instituted a prosecution against Deputy Twes-ten for words spoken in Parliament in behalf of the constitutional right which the King had asked to be pardoned for violating by precipitating and carrying on the late war, although the accused was foremost in supporting the bill of indemnity.

WHEN Earl Derby, Lord Stanley, and the London *Times* unite, as they have done, in expressing the desirableness of settling the *Alabama*



claims, and even in admitting something more than a show of justice in our demands, it would seem as if the matter were in a fair way for adjustment. It would be amusing, except that the spectacle has become rather stale by repetition, to see the *Times* borrowing the very arguments which, when uttered from this side of the water, it used to ridicule. Probably just such a paragraph as the following could be clipped from one of Mr. Bemis's pamphlets:

"If the dictates of justice be doubtful, those of policy are clear. Great Britain has everything to gain by the adoption of a code whereby a weaker maritime power may be restrained from equipping *Alabamas* in American ports. Our navy may or may not be the most powerful in the world, but, if it were ten times as powerful as it is, it could not protect our commercial marine against privateers built anywhere and commissioned nowhere."

JOHN BRIGHT has delivered a noble speech at the Reform banquet in Dublin, in which he urged, with his almost unrivalled eloquence, the view which all sensible and sagacious men have taken for half a century, that the true remedy for Irish wrongs is to be found in the overthrow of class government in England. The plan of insurrection has been fairly tried during the last five hundred years, and has fully failed, and the disparity of the opposing forces becomes every year greater. A formidable rising in Ireland would put every Irish Protestant, and every Englishman if need be, under arms, and would end in its suppression amidst scenes of bloodshed and cruelty for which there are few parallels in history. Therefore we hold that those who incite the poor Irish into anything of the kind, unless undertaken in conjunction with a first-class foreign power, are, whether they do or do not know what they are talking about, guilty of a great crime. England is not just now considered very formidable on the Continent; but, England fairly roused, against statesmen and soldiers of the calibre of James Stephens and "President" Roberts, backed by half-armed peasants, who does not know what the result would be?

AUSTRIA, finally, clings with traditional obstinacy to her old ideas and her freshest hatred; refuses to convoke the Hungarian Diet on the plea of dreading the cholera, which has quite disappeared; appoints Von Beust foreign minister in spite of his recent connection with Saxony and his known offensiveness to Prussia, and in spite of the protestations of her best friends and advisers; appoints also a governor of Galicia who has Polish sympathies, in contempt of the goodwill of Russia; and altogether behaves like one who has no appreciation either of his duty or of the near contingencies of the future. She makes no preparation for the Eastern question, which is probably uppermost in Napoleon's mind, though France is more remote from the scene of controversy. Even England, it is said—meaning, of course, the Tory ministry of Earl Derby—is prompt to prejudice the Sultan against French diplomacy, to which it attributes the action of Ismail Pacha in endowing Egypt with a constitutional form of government, after the French model, with hardly any reference to Constantinople. To all these apprehensions and jealousies of her neighbors Austria seems utterly indifferent, and she will find in the end, if her empire survive so long, that an equal indifference to her will have been shown in casting lots for "the sick man's raiment."

TERRIBLE damage has been done in France by the late inundations, thousands of families being left destitute. An appeal has been made to this country for aid for the sufferers, and the French Consul-General has undertaken to receive subscriptions. We trust the appeal may meet with a response; but the fact of its having been made warrants us in making the observation that half the sum which has been spent during the last five years even in "beautifying" Paris, or which is spent every year in the maintenance of an enormous army, would not only provide for those who have been ruined by the inundations, but such embankments and plantations of trees as would render such widespread devastation impossible hereafter. The most shocking extravagance has been developed at Paris, too, by the lavish expenditure in mere luxury and frivolity of taxes contributed by the very unfortunates whom we are now asked to help.

#### THE FREEDMEN.

THE Bureau has recently extended its operations in procuring employment for the large number of freedmen congregated in certain localities. Under the direction of the Assistant Commissioner of the District of Columbia, offices have been recently opened in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Boston, Providence, and other points in the North and West. Large numbers of freed people are constantly being shipped to good homes, in accordance with the requisitions of these offices. In one day forty were sent to Michigan. Great difficulty is sometimes experienced in trying to persuade them to go North or West, and many prefer to remain where they are, eking out a miserable existence in poverty and squalor, alleging that they know nothing of the country, or that they dread the cold. These, however, constitute but a small proportion of the whole.

—During the quarter ending September 30th, 23,857 rations were issued to whites, and 20,200 to colored persons, in the State of Arkansas. In the same State 29 murders of freedmen were reported during the months of July and August. As not more than half the State is distracted and occupied by agents, it is fair to suppose that this does not embrace all that occurred. General Sprague, the Assistant Commissioner, says:

"From the number of murders committed some idea can be formed of other atrocities and outrages perpetrated upon freedmen. All these things are untouched by the civil authorities. They necessarily tend to make freedmen suspicious of the whites, and give them a feeling of insecurity, and thus render them less efficient and faithful as laborers. Under the old system of slavery the negro was forced to do the will of his master; it seems now never to enter into the calculation of the white race here to govern the freedman by just laws and appeals to his interests, as is the case with white laborers elsewhere. For instance, if a negro abuses in any way the privilege of carrying arms, the whites in the vicinity are disposed to rise at once and disarm all blacks, the vicious and peaceful alike, thus forcing them to band together in self defence. If a freedman is wronged, no matter how outrageously, he cannot get redress at civil law. This is emphatically true of a great portion of the State."

The experiment of appointing civilian agents of the Bureau in Arkansas has proved unsuccessful, and such agents have been relieved from duty with few exceptions. The season has been unfavorable for the cotton crop. The cholera has prevailed to some extent, but is abating.

—Five murders of freedmen are reported by an agent of the American and Union Freedman's Commission in Troupe and Heard counties, Georgia. Nearly all of these were committed by a party of men who go about the country disguised, with blackened faces, and are known as the "Black Cavalry." Several of these scoundrels, arrested by the military in Heard County and turned over to the civil authorities, have been held to bail in ridiculously small amounts.

—During the month of September, 9,347 rations were issued to whites and 31,728 to freedmen in the State of Georgia; and in South Carolina during the same time 198,043 to whites and 93,917 to freed people. A very great increase in the number of schools in South Carolina is anticipated during the coming winter, provided the associations of the North will furnish necessary teachers.

—The Board of Missions for the Freedmen, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina, have purchased the U. S. Marine Hospital on Franklin Street, Charleston, in order to establish there a school and orphan home for their charge. The recipients of this charity are to be confined to no particular sect. The President, Andrew Johnson, has contributed a check of \$1,000, and gentlemen in New York have added \$500. The indebtedness on the building is \$8,000. The *Charleston Courier* is of the opinion that the President's contribution is "a much more substantial and lasting token of friendship to the colored race than all the violent harangues of mad fanatics . . . in favor of universal suffrage."

—A plan to entice negroes to Peru, where they would be placed upon the footing of coolies and reduced to practical serfdom, has been exposed by Secretary Seward.

—In Concordia Parish, La., 42,000 acres of land which were put to cotton will yield but about 7,000 bales.

—One hundred and fifty unemployed freedmen were sent to Mississippi, one day last week, from the vicinity of Lynchburg, Va.

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

RUMORS have been circulating in some journals that Prof. Francis J. Child, of Cambridge, had discovered the long-lost manuscript of Bishop Percy's "Reliques," and was to edit it for publication. This report is somewhat exaggerated and distorted. The manuscript volume from which Percy took much of his "Reliques" has been well known to be in the possession of one of the grandchildren of the bishop. He had several times refused either to sell or to print it, but has finally consented, for a consideration, to allow an accurate copy of it to be taken for publication. The manuscript is in a very bad condition. It is badly written in bad ink on bad paper, and is much mutilated. About one half of the first fifty pages are torn off—said to have been taken by a servant to light a fire. It is a book of 521 pages and contains 191 pieces, partly ballads and partly other interesting matter. It is a great deal to get hold of these originals of some of the best old English ballads, which, even in their altered and "improved" form, are so ringing. The study of ballad literature awakened by Bishop Percy's book, in spite of the strong condemnation by Dr. Johnson of these "frivolous and rude songs," has been productive of the best effects on English poetry. It was one of the first attacks on the reign of classic stupidity. The Percy MS. is to be published by the Early English Text Society, under the editorship of some of its members. Professor Child has consented to edit a portion of it. The reprint will not be in the regular series of the society, on account of the expense of procuring the MS., but a separate subscription will be opened for it.

—We spoke last week of the large importations of foreign books. Since then we have received the catalogues of Mr. J. W. Bouton and of Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs, both of which show a fine selection of valuable illustrated books. At Bouton's are: a copy of the "Galerie du Palais Pitti," proof before letter; a proof copy of "Raphael's Frescoes in the Vatican;" the Naples edition of the "Museo Borbonico," with the three supplemental volumes; Claude's "Liber Veritatis;" Rogers's "Italy," with the engravings after Turner, each printed on a full page, and many others of equal value. There can be found, also, the new and enlarged edition of Payne Knight's "Discourse on the Worship of Priapus." Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs have made a specialty of works illustrated by Doré, but they have also a good selection of other books, among which we notice a fine set of old English chronicles, including the reprint of Lord Berners's "Froissart," a rare book; Halliwell's Shakespeare, of which all the remaining copies have been imported; and the Percy Society publications. There are at least four sets of these valuable reprints for sale in New York, and also sets of the publications of the Shakespeare and Camden Societies.

—At the recent sale of the private library of T. H. Morrell, Esq., by Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., of this city, we note the following prices for a few of the gems of the collection: "Symmes's Fight at Pig-wacket," 32 pages, published in Boston 1725, bound in levant by Bedford, \$165; "First New York Directory," 82 pages, in morocco, \$100; "Dunlap's History of the Arts of Design," 2 vols. extended to 4, and illustrated with 197 inserted plates and autographs, \$80; "The Cow Chase," by Major André, 22 pages, \$36; "Proceedings of the Court-Martial for the Trial of Major André," fine copy, uncut, \$26; "Barlow's Columbiad," 4to, uncut, \$25; "Burk's History of Virginia," 4 vols., do., \$90; "Coddington's Demonstration of True Love," morocco, \$40; "Memoirs of Mrs. Coghlan," 1795, uncut, \$28; "Davies's Sermon on a Good Soldier," 24 pages, 1755, \$18; "Life of Edmund Kean," with 53 inserted plates, full morocco (text inlaid to folio), \$65; "Dunlap's Tragedy of André," New York, 1798, \$20; "Bucaniers of America," London, 1684, fine copy, \$20; "The Federalist," 2 vols., first edition, uncut, \$32; "Findlay's Whiskey Insurrection," 1796, uncut, \$19 50; "Freneau's Poems," with 54 inserted plates, large paper, \$42 50; "Garden's Anecdotes," 3 vols., 50 inserted plates, \$52; "Heath's Memoirs," 88 inserted plates, \$35; "Higginson's Election Sermon," 1663, 24 pages, fine binding, \$48; "Memorial of Washington Irving," 90 plates inserted, \$65; "Dobeira's Life of Marion," extra plates, \$30; "Josselyn's Voyages to New England, 1674, \$32 50; "Law-

son's History of Carolina," 1718, \$21; "Lechford's Newes from New England," 1642, \$45; "Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots," 77 inserted plates, and richly bound, \$110; "Mason's Pequot War," 1736, full morocco, \$51; "Mather's Bostonian Ebenezer," 82 pages, 1698, \$40; "Mather's Magnalia," folio, full calf, \$37 50; "Mather's Tryals of the Witches," 1693, fine copy, \$50; "Monarde's Joyful Newes out of the Newe Foun Worlde," black letter, 1577, fine copy, \$46. The *magnum opus* of the sale was a copy of "Irving's Life of Washington," in 5 vols. 4to, extended to 10 vols., superbly bound and illustrated with 1,200 inserted plates. This was taken at the upset price of \$200 a volume, or \$2,000 for the set, by a wealthy collector of this city. The illustrations of this superb book comprised portraits of nearly every prominent character connected with the Revolution, including 145 different portraits of Washington and numerous autographs, original drawings, etc., of excessive rarity.

—Messrs. Bell & Daldy, of London, announce that they have ready for publication a complete revised edition of the "Aldine Edition of the English Poets," originally published by Pickering. In the new issue the texts have all undergone revision by competent editors, the errors have been corrected, and new illustrative matter has been added. The edition of Chaucer promises to be very good. It is prepared by Richard Morris, who has done the best work for the Early English Text and the Philological Societies, and who brings a competent knowledge of early English to bear on the text. To settle the text of Chaucer is a work of great difficulty and labor, so corrupt is it; and scholars need, what Messrs. Macmillan & Co. long ago promised them, an edition in which all the variations of the text are printed in notes, as in editions of the Greek and Latin classics. Mr. Morris does not attempt this. We are happy to hear that the same gentleman will publish in a few months a "Reading Book of Early English," for the use of schools—a book of great usefulness.

—The University of Cambridge has just filled the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Grote, by electing the Rev. Frederick D. Maurice professor of "casuistry, moral philosophy, and moral theology." Mr. Maurice, though an Oxford man, was chosen over ten Cambridge competitors. The university has done itself great credit in electing one of the foremost English metaphysicians and theologians, when we consider that he was once turned out of his professorship at King's College, London, by the Low Church party, on account of alleged heresy. He has long been the leader of the Broad Church party, and has been distinguished for his activity for the interests of the working-man, more especially in his efforts for the establishment of the Working-men's and Queen's Colleges, London.

—The number of translations from the ancient classics recently published is a striking feature in modern English literature. There have been lately translations of Homer in every variety of metre, the latest version being that of Sir John F. W. Herschel in hexameters. He has succeeded in writing some very good lines, and in giving as good a version of some parts of his author as can be in that metre. Sir John, however, dares boldly to say, what many have thought, that Homer can be improved upon. Accordingly, he has omitted many of the often repeated epithets, and in some cases has inserted new ones of his own, distinguishing them, however, by italics. A comparison of the recent translations will, we think, convince any one that none of the metres used are sufficient to express the whole of Homer. If we could bring ourselves to allow a version in which the metre was varied according to the occasion, we should have a better rendering of the whole. The "Æneid" of Virgil, after having been long neglected, has just been translated into verse by Professor Conington, of Oxford, well known as an accurate editor and excellent commentator on the classics, and also by his translation of the odes of Horace. The metre he uses is the ballad metre of Scott and Byron, especially resembling that used in the "Lord of the Isles." This metre readily lends itself to long catalogues of names as well as to rapid description, and is thus peculiarly suitable to Virgil, which is to be read rapidly. Even those who object to the metre as not grand, and as calling up the associations of a different age, when they read the flowing verse, begin to doubt whether, on the principle that "whate'er is best administered is best," Professor Con-



ington has not chosen the right metre. The translation is unusually close and accurate, and always expresses the sense of the original, being often exegetical, as it were. Few translators bring to their work so much knowledge of the text as Professor Conington, and few have so carefully weighed the meaning of every word. He has, without doubt, produced one of the best translations that the English language can boast, and one that will make Virgil a popular author. We understand it is to be republished in this country by Messrs. Scribner & Co. A new translation of Thucydides has lately been published, and a version of the "Peace" of Aristophanes is announced.

—A book is about to be published by Didier, of Paris, that cannot fail to attract the attention of the political and the literary world. It is the "Political Correspondence" of the former president of the council at Turin, who, after Novara, saved at the same time the national independence and the constitutional liberty of his country, and who, with Count Cavour, was the chief author of the emancipation of Italy, the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio. His correspondence, written in French, embraces the important period of Italian regeneration, from 1847 to 1865. It contains very unexpected judgments on the men and affairs of Italy and France, and all the celebrated names of contemporary politics appear in turn under the writer's pen. The Roman question is treated of in all its details, and it is especially interesting at this time, when the convention of September, 1864, is expiring, to know what was the idea of this great statesman with regard to the definite solution of this problem. On this point he was of different opinions from Cavour. The correspondence is edited by M. Eugène Rendu, who has explained the text by notes and documents, and added a sketch of the life of d'Azeglio. He speaks with the double authority of a man long devoted to the Italian cause and of an intimate friend of the marquis.

—The theatrical year of Paris has begun with another great success of M. Victorien Sardou. He treats of country life this time, and shows up the little intrigues of a village, and the petty annoyances to which unpopular residents are subjected; the grossness and rudeness of country life being a wholesome shock for a Parisian audience. In "Nos Bons Villageois" he has succeeded, where George Sand failed just before with her "Le Don Juan de Village."

—The Chinese, who invented the mariner's compass, gunpowder, printing, and visiting cards before us, reached four centuries ago the point where we are to-day as regards novel-writing. Even then they demanded an exact representation of life, and permitted only exaggeration enough to distinguish the hero from the persons among whom he moved. To guard the writer effectually from external influence and from personal popularity, they refused to recognize him. They wished to praise the work and not the author. Romances were rarely entered on the catalogues of the great Chinese libraries, and then only by a number. Two of the best of these old novels, which the Chinese admire, but whose author they do not know, have recently been translated into French by M. Stanislas Julien—"Yu-kiao-li," or "The Two Cousins," and "P'ing-chan-ling-yen," or "The Two Literary Young Girls." Both treat of a literary life, both end in suitable marriages. The heroes get to this happiness through difficulties of all kinds, but always naturally managed. The stories are simple and without pretence, with a little learning and much poetry. The characters are consistent, not finished with all the little touches used by Western novelists; but they live and act, and are easily understood. We see Chinamen in them, and, therefore, we learn more about Chinese life, even of the present day, than from the tales and accounts of travellers. The Abbé Huc can tell us much less than this unknown writer whom M. Julien introduces to us.

#### MASSON'S RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY.\*

WITH the true metaphysician the real motive of his pursuit is, of course, his belief in its success and in the value of the truths, as such, which he aims to establish. But, in addition to this motive, many minds discover a

certain dignity and absolute worth in the pursuit itself—in the exercise of powers which, though they should fail of their end, are regarded as the noblest and the most distinctive of the tendencies native to the human mind. To this somewhat sentimental view of the value of metaphysical studies, Sir William Hamilton gave his powerful support, and his disciple, Mr. Masson, urges it in apology for his review. The "greatest and most characteristic merit of Sir William Hamilton among his contemporaries consisted," according to Mr. Masson, "in his having been, while he lived, the most ardent and impassioned devotee of the useless within Great Britain." Mr. Masson does not tell us whether Hamilton has since his death been surpassed in this excellence; but on no point in metaphysics does Mr. Masson himself take a more decided stand than on this its claim to be a very ennobling pursuit. Of a nation which should cease to care for metaphysics, he says that it "has the mark of the beast upon it, and is going the way of all brutality."

On more specific points of metaphysical doctrine, Mr. Masson's opinions are not so distinctly set forth. He manifests, however, a certain affection for transcendentalism, and a confidence that there is something in it. But his aim in this volume is not so much to set forth his own opinions as to sketch the relations of the different philosophical systems that have been most influential in Great Britain during the past thirty years, with reference chiefly to the writings of Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Carlyle.

For this purpose he lays down, first, a scheme for the classification of possible metaphysical opinions, following Sir William Hamilton's method, and, for the most part, adopting Hamilton's divisions and nomenclature. An admiring imitator of Hamilton's emphatic style, he divides and defines with a firmness, rather than a fineness, of discrimination. Starting with an *a priori* scheme of possible metaphysical opinions, he tries the doctrines of his three philosophers by it, and assigns them to their appropriate classes. A convenient original feature in his scheme enables him to accomplish this with considerable success. He distinguishes three forms of metaphysical belief, or three generic grounds of difference in philosophical opinion. A philosopher's opinions may belong to his "psychological theory," to his "cosmological conception," or to his "ontological faith." If his opinion is given in answer to the question, "Is any portion of our knowledge of a different origin from the rest, and of a different degree of validity in consequence of that different origin?" or "Are there any notions, principles, or elements in our minds which could never have been fabricated out of any amount of experience, but must have been bedded in the very structure of the mind itself?"—then his opinion will be the philosopher's "psychological theory," and he will be an "empiricist" or a "transcendentalist," according as he answers these questions in the negative or affirmative.

The most curious and original part of Mr. Masson's scheme is the doctrine that the philosopher's "cosmological conception" may be quite independent of his "psychological theory;" that, in fact, any one may have a very distinct "cosmological conception" without any "psychological theory" at all. "A psychological theory" is a learned luxury, but every one has some sort of "cosmological conception" which is bodied forth in his sensuous image of the universe as a whole, and made up of his ideas of religion and history and the eternal verities of the world.

Philosophers are fundamentally divided, as to their "cosmological conceptions," into realists and idealists, and subdivided into "materialistic realists" and "dualistic realists;" or "natural realists," on one hand, and into "constructive idealists" and "pure idealists," on the other. These four subdivisions are flanked by two extreme classes of opinion: nihilism or non-substantialism, on one hand, and pantheism or the "absolute identity" doctrine, on the other. These extreme classes involve, however, ontological considerations, and depend on the third generic ground of difference in philosophical opinion—on the philosopher's "ontological faith."

Ontology means the science of the supernatural, of the non-phenomenal. Can there be such a science? This question admits, according to Mr. Masson, of a division into two: "Is there a supernatural, and can the supernatural be known?" By the great majority of philosophers these questions are answered in the order in which Mr. Masson puts them: the first in the affirmative and the second in the negative; though it is a puzzle to the sceptic to understand how men can confess a belief in anything of which they profess themselves utterly ignorant. But Mr. Masson offers an ingenious explanation. "Ontological faith," when it exists, depends not on evidence of any kind—the word faith connotes that—but on the existence in the philosopher of what Mr. Masson calls, euphemistically, "the ontological passion," "the rage of ontology," or "the sentiment of ontology." "What has genius been," he exclaims, "what has religious propagandism been, but a metaphysical drunkenness?" In its manifestation this passion appears to us very nearly akin to what, in the modern sense of the word, is expressed

\* "Recent British Philosophy: A Review, with criticisms; including some comments on Mr. Mill's answer to Sir William Hamilton. By David Masson." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.

by "dogmatism." A dogmatist is one who is fond of strong assertions, who concludes with his will, and reaches his conclusion by going to it when he finds no power, natural or supernatural, by which the mountain can be forced to come to him. But Mr. Masson appears innocently unconscious of this synonym.

By the help of the "ontological passion" and his scheme of classification he discovers the relations between the opinions of his three philosophers, especially between those of Hamilton and Mill, "one of whom may be described as a transcendental natural realist, forswearing speculative ontology, but with much of the ontological passion in his temper; and the other as an empirical idealist, also repudiating ontology, but doing so with the ease of one in whom the ontological feeling was at any rate suppressed or languid."

The earlier chapters of Mr. Masson's book, which had gone to press before the publication of Mill's "Examination of Hamilton," anticipate two of Mr. Mill's principal criticisms. The apparent discrepancy between Hamilton's philosophy of the conditioned, or doctrine of relative knowledge, and his natural realism, or doctrine of the immediate perception of the primary qualities of matter, is explained by Mr. Masson by referring the former to Hamilton's ontological doctrine, and the latter to his "cosmological conception;" and the apparent inconsistency of Hamilton's philosophy of the conditioned with his theological positions is explained, as we have seen, by the degree to which he was possessed with the "ontological passion."

"Transcendental natural realism in Hamilton, announcing itself as anti-ontological but with strong theological sympathies, and empirical, constructive idealism in Mill, also announcing itself as anti-ontological, but consenting to leave the main theological questions open on pretty strict conditions—such," it seems to Mr. Masson, "were the two philosophical angels that began to contend formally for the soul of Britain about thirty years ago, and that are still contending for as much of it as has not in the meantime transported itself beyond the reach of either." Whether any of it has done so, and how much, and where it has gone, are matters which Mr. Masson proceeds to discuss in his chapter on "the effects of recent scientific conceptions on philosophy." Having in this chapter got off the scaffolding of his classification, he appears to us to have fallen into the most bewildering confusion. That part of the soul of Britain which appears to him to have got beyond the reach of traditional differences in philosophy, has done so, it seems to us, by confounding them with the vaguer scientific speculations which, according to Mr. Masson, have wrought this great change.

The idea that the world existed for innumerable ages without sentient life; that this life was gradually developed until it appeared in the full splendor of the human soul; that the earth and its history are but accidents in a grander cosmos, and that it and the cosmos are destined to an ultimate and universal collapse, to be refunded into a new homogeneous nebula, and to furnish elements to a new creation—this evolution from nebula, and this dissolution into nebula, repeated without end, making sentient life, the animal nature, and the human mind only phases of a continuous evolution—such ideas, our author thinks, make metaphysics stand aghast. What becomes of *a priori* and *a posteriori*, of transcendentalism and empiricism, when everything is a product and at the same time a factor; when nothing is primordial but nebula, and nebula neither matter nor mind, but the undifferentiated root of both? But Mr. Masson's faith in transcendentalism, as he understands it, is proof against this new phase of thought. He thinks that under these new scientific conceptions transcendentalism and empiricism go a neck-and-neck race back through the ages, but that transcendentalism will get ahead at the nebula.

Now, in all this Mr. Masson has confused the philosophical dogma of an *a priori* determination of knowledge with the doctrine of heredity, the doctrine, to wit, that dispositions, tendencies to action, and perhaps, also, certain elements of knowledge, are derived by birth from the characters and mental powers of progenitors. He explicitly identifies the two by affirming that the doctrine of heredity is inconsistent with empiricism in philosophy. For this confusion he is probably indebted to Mr. Spencer, to whom the world owes the introduction in philosophy of these confounding scientific conceptions. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Masson do not appear to be aware that, by "an *a priori* ground of knowledge," no reference is meant in philosophy to physical or physiological antecedency or causation, but only to the logical grounds of belief, or to the evidence of certain general propositions. The principal question of philosophy is, whether any general truth is known by any mind except in consequence—the evidential consequence—of particular experiences, or else deductively. If it could be made out that certain general elements of knowledge are born in any mind in consequence of particular experiences in its progenitors, this would still be empiricism, and Mr. Spencer therefore professes empiricism, though he does not appear to know it. For transcendentalism maintains that certain so-called *a priori* elements of

knowledge or general truths *could not* be vouched for by any amount of particular experience; and it is non-essential whether this experience be in the offspring or in its progenitors, even back to the nebula. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Masson have, therefore, got beyond the reach of "the two philosophical angels" only by getting confused by their scientific conceptions.

These nebulous conceptions have also dimmed Mr. Masson's vision of another metaphysical doctrine, that of the cosmothetic idealists, as Hamilton called them, or, as Mr. Masson prefers to call them, the constructive idealists. Either he was misled by his own terminology, or for some other reason, he has assumed that the idealism of the majority of philosophers, including Mr. Mill, presupposed the existence of a perceiving mind to constitute a cosmos. To constitute a *conceived* cosmos, or the cosmos *as known*, it is undoubtedly necessary that a mind should exist to know it, or to be aware of its effects upon mind; but that the contemplation of such a mind is necessary to the absolute existence of a cosmos can be inferred from nothing in the doctrine of idealism; and it is only inferable, so far as we can see, from the connotation of the name which Mr. Masson gives to the more common form of the doctrine—from the name *constructive* idealism. He is puzzled to conceive how, on the idealist's theory, the world could have had a progress and a history prior to its development of a perceiving mind, except, perhaps, in the mind of its Creator, who might be supposed to "have continued the necessary contemplation."

We had before supposed that the scientific conceptions, which appear to have befogged our author, had not attained to such a degree of nebulosity as to represent the universe at any time as of a nature incompatible with the existence of a perceiving mind, however unfit it may have been for the sustenance of the animal body with its perceptive organs; and we imagined that the history of the progress contemplated in these conceptions was one which was conceived as it would have appeared had it really existed and had minds existed to perceive it. But if the regress towards the nebula carry us back towards a state of things which would have been not only inhospitable but also incompatible with a distinct mental existence, then we confess that either idealism or else these scientific conceptions are much at fault. But, inasmuch as these are still conceptions, however indistinct, we cannot hesitate to give credit to idealism rather than to such self-annihilating thoughts. Thoughts of a state of things in which thought was impossible must be very transcendental indeed.

Independently of the perturbing influence of modern scientific conceptions, Mr. Masson's account of recent British philosophy is not free from confusion. In revising in his last chapter his classification of Mill's opinions as set forth in the "Examination" of Hamilton's doctrines, Mr. Masson ventures to maintain that Mr. Mill's empiricism is inconsistent with the position of the positivists, that the main theological questions should be open questions in the most advanced school of philosophy. He "can see no interpretation of Mr. Mill's fundamental principle of empiricism, according to which those questions of a supernatural, which he would keep open, ought not to be, at once and for ever, *closed* questions."

A question is closed when we have a knowledge precluding the possibility of evidence to the contrary, or where we are ignorant beyond the possibility of enlightenment. An ontological knowledge of the supernatural, or even of the natural—that is, a knowledge of anything existing by itself and independently of its effects on us—is, according to the experiential philosophy, a closed question. But a phenomenal knowledge of the supernatural is nevertheless a question still open until it be shown, beyond the possibility of rational or well-founded doubt, that the law of causation is, or is not, universal, and that absolute personal agency or free undetermined voluntary actions have, or have not, determined at any time the order or constitution of nature—difficult questions, it is true, but still open ones. Mr. Masson implicitly identifies theology with ontology—the supernatural with the non-phenomenal—and thus implicitly denies that anything can be known of the supernatural, unless it be known absolutely, or in itself. This is to stake all religious enquiry on the truth of transcendental ontology, a position which Mr. Masson, as a liberal historian of philosophy, cannot affirm as the final conclusion of his enquiry, or as warranted by any reasons he has advanced.

#### THE NEW BIGLOW PAPERS.\*

WITHOUT doubt, the four living American poets who fill the highest places are Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell. Dr. Holmes, of course, has to be mentioned when talk is made of American poetic literature, and so have Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Read, Mr. Stedman, and

\* "The Biglow Papers. Second Series. James Russell Lowell." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo, pp. 256.



Mr. Aldrich. Whittier is in a class above these; Brownell is to be ranked above most of them; and there are Willson and Howells, whose names, to be sure, are yet to be made, but who must not be omitted. For Emerson, as a philosopher, no one anticipates long remembrance; but, as a poet, it will indeed be long before his sweet and deep thoughts are let sink into forgetfulness. Bryant has written some beautiful and some eloquent poetry: not much of it is of a fashion that soon passes away—it is enduring, like an unvisited mountain. Longfellow, most admired of all, has written very many very pretty poems. As for Lowell, we do not propose to prove here (what we nevertheless hold to be not difficult of proof) that of all these writers he may be rated, all things considered, as the first.

What one of his literary contemporaries, though each may have some gift or grace in larger measure than he, makes the reader feel so strong a sense of being face to face with a superior man—a man really of genius? Is there any one of them to whom we so readily surrender ourselves as feeling the charm of a fine, high nature, the easy power of an intellect so clear, so acute—at once tender, delicate, and of masculine strength and energy, the attraction of a heart so honest, so warm and wide open and genial? Genial is a word that, justly enough, has been getting into disrepute. Latterly it has been the religion of numbers of self-satisfied people to be "genial," and disbelieve in Jesus; and geniality, like "earnestness" and "devotedness," when it gets itself incorporated into a creed, and preached and praised and knowingly and wilfully practised, becomes rather offensive in itself and in the word expressing it. But it must, we suppose, be used in describing a generally-beloved satirist—a man who, though anybody might hate him, for anybody might be afraid of him as an enemy, has made everybody his friend. His worst enemy, we dare say, dislikes him for no fault but this, that he writes too little. It seems like a great fault, too, we may remark in passing, when we know the little time, properly to be measured by hours, in which such poems as "Sir Launfal" and "The Fable for Critics" were produced. When some men lose time, the world's time, too, is lost, and the world's work is later done. We content ourselves now with the assertion that the merits of none of our best men are such as entitle him to be set above the author of "Fireside Travels," of the political and critical essays that have enriched the "Atlantic Monthly" and the "North American Review," of the "Biglow Papers," and of the "Commemoration Ode," a poem which we do not call the best poetry in that kind of this century, because we remember that one of Wordsworth's.

It is in his character of a satirical and humorous poet that we now have to do with him, for a second series of the famous "Biglow Papers" is just put forth. Certainly no one will gainsay us when we say that in this particular walk no one can be for a moment compared to Lowell. First and last, hundreds of people have attempted the portraiture of the Yankee; but, notwithstanding these pictures, numerous *ad nauseam*, of the Plymouth Rock Yankee of oratory; of the patriot-spy order of 1776 Yankee; of the grovelling, Southerner's Yankee, morbidly acquisitive, who talks through his nose and is sharp enough to cut anything and everything in the world except his own fingers; of the British tourist's and Sam Slick Yankee, who is morbidly inquisitive and an impossible compound of shrewdness, conceit, ignorance, all the dialects spoken between Maine and Texas, together with enough of exclusively English book-English to show him born not of observation but of books; notwithstanding all these and many more, the Yankee would still be awaiting the true artist if it were not for Professor Lowell—if Hosea Biglow had not been drawn for us, and Parson Wilbur, and Mr. Birdofredum Sawin—the Honorable B. F. Sawin now, as we are pleased to see. We congratulate him that he no longer helps to sit round the red-hot cylinder stove in the country store in Jaalam and listen to the reading of the Boston Post, which bodily and mental exercise, so far as our recollection goes, was the occupation of the Sawins of 1848. He has gone up higher.

Of Mr. Sawin Mr. Lowell says, in the account which he gives us of the origin of the poems, that he invented him as "a mouth-piece of the mere drollery," "the clown of my little puppet-show." "I meant to embody in him," he says, "that half-conscious unmorality which I had noticed as the recoil in gross natures from a puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intense savor which had long gone out of its faith and life." We may add that he has embodied in the worthless rascal some of that mixture of good and evil, of amusing and popular qualities with the loosest principles and total want of character which, in spite of our better judgment, makes Birdofredum not a person that we would sweepingly anathematize. Besides, when he was fool enough to march for the halls of the Montezumas in Caleb Cushing's brigade, he had six ribs broken, one leg was amputated, one arm shot off, and four fingers on the remaining hand were also carried away. Afterwards he was tarred and feathered by a party of Southern gentlemen,

and was married by a Southern lady; so that the reader finally comes to look upon the sins of what is left of Sawin with an eye of kindness. Much may be forgiven him for his description of his latest piece of wickedness—his deliberately indulging a hope at a Southern camp-meeting, and coolly getting converted for the sake of marrying the widow Shannou. He gives a very fair abstract of the sermon that was blessed to him:

"I don't putend to foller him, but give ye jes' the heads;  
For pulpit ellerkence, you know, 'most ollers kin' o' spreads.  
Ham's seed wuz gin to us in chairge, an' should n't we be li'ble  
In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back their priv'lege in the Bible?  
The cusses an' the promesses make one gret chain, an' ef  
You snake one link out here, one there, how much on 't ud be lef' y'  
All things wuz gin to man for 's use, his sarvice, an' delight;  
An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew words thet mean a man mean white?  
Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all its proudest' featur's  
To think 't wuz wrote for black an' brown an' lasses-colored creaturs,  
Thet could n' read it, ef they would, nor ain't by lor allowed to,  
But ough' to take wut we think suits their naturs, an' be proud to?  
An' then, agin, wut airtly use? Nor 't warn't our fault, in so fur  
Ez Yankee skippers would keep on a-totin' on 'em over.  
'T improved the whites by savin' 'em from ary need o' wurkin',  
An' kep' the blacks from bein' lost thru idleness an' shirkin';  
We took to 'em ez nat'ral ez a barn-owl doos to mice,  
An' hed our hull time on our hands to keep us out o' vice.  
Where 'd their soles go tu, like to know, ef we should let 'em ketch  
Freeknowledgeism an' Fourierism an' Speritoolism an' sech;  
When Satan sets himself to work to raise his very bes' muss,  
He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views relat'in' to Ones'mus.  
You 'd ough' to seen, though, how his face an' argymence an' figgers,  
Drawed tears o' real conviction from a lot o' pen'tent niggers!  
It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where you 're shet up in a pew,  
Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears, an' billin' to be thru;  
Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a kag o' sunthin' in it,  
Where you could go, ef you wuz dry, an' damp ye in a minute;  
An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther' wuz n't no occasion  
To lose the thread, because, ye see, he bellered like all Bashan.  
It's dry work follerin' argymence, an' so, 'twix' this an' thet,  
I felt conviction weighin' down somehow inside my hat:  
It growed an' growed like Jonah's gourd, a kin' o' whirlin' ketch'd me,  
Outil' I fin'ly clean giv out an' owned up thet he 'd fetched me;  
An' when nine tenths o' th' perrish took to tumblin' roun' an' hollerin',  
I did n' fin' no gret in th' way o' turvin' tu an' follerin'.  
Soon ez Miss S. see thet, sez she, 'Thet 's wut I call wuth seein'!  
'Thet 's actin' like a reas'nable an' intellectle bein'!  
An' so we fin'ly made it up, concluded to hitch hosses,  
An' here I be 'n my ellermunt among creation's bosses;  
Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o' blanks, Fortin at last hed sent a prize,  
An' chose me for a shinin' light o' missionary entraprise."

Of the clergyman among his *dramatis personæ* Mr. Lowell tells us that, needing "on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*," he for that purpose "conceived the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow "should serve for its homely common sense, vivified and heated by conscience." And Mr. Wilbur, it may be added, also well represents the common sort and the average degree of culture among the better educated New Englanders of twenty years ago. Perhaps he may be called a fair representative of it as it exists to-day, though we should say not; and Mr. Lowell, too, has now killed him off and buried him under a Latin epitaph—a thing which the typical New England clergyman of to-day would hardly prepare for his own use, and which would hardly be prepared for him. Of Mr. Biglow Mr. Lowell says also: "Thinking the Mexican war—as I think it still—a national crime committed in behoof of slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an up-country man as I had often seen at anti-slavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness." With this object in view, but without any definite plan and with only one of his three principal personages invented, the first of the "Biglow Papers" was written more than twenty years ago. But very soon Parson Wilbur appeared, and then, by-and-by, the immoral Sawin, who may be properly described in Mr. Biglow's own language as a "shif'less kin' o' poor cuss," with not much back head and no front head to speak of, and no top head at all, but for whose acquaintance, nevertheless, we are all extremely thankful.

Everybody knows that the poems were a complete success from the beginning, and at once gave their author the highest place among living satirical and humorous writers; and everybody who is old enough can remember some Freesoiler, perhaps not too literate, of those days—some not hopeful supporter of John P. Hale and subscriber to the *Liberator*—who had Hosea's verses by heart and was full of delight at the advent of a new champion against the hosts of Democracy and Whiggism.

We have said that it is only with himself Mr. Lowell can be compared. Tried by the former series, this series will probably be put in the second place, because there is more poetry in this one than in that. Great as was the success achieved by the author in the creation of such characters as the parson, the Yankee farmer, and the New Englander turned loafer—characters so life-like and, in the main, so true to nature—so good as individuals and as types that we do not know where in our literature to look for three others that excel them—great as was the success in this particular achieved in the first series, there seems to us to have been a blemish there which we

also find in this series. Mr. Lowell must be mistaken; the Rev. Homer Wilbur never wrote those imitative newspaper notices prefixed to the work. And we doubt if he is the author of that essay upon the newspaper which the first series contains, and which seems to us rather an effort of some clever disciple of Professor Teufelsdröckh than of the pastor of the First Church in Jaalam. But, in the second series this fault is found, as it seems to us, in the poems themselves. Mr. Lowell's authority is great; probably no man is so well informed upon all that relates to the real character of the New Englanders, but a passage in his preface makes us bold to express an opinion formed before the preface was printed. Mr. Biglow says now things as good, as characteristic as he said in 1845; his natural force seems to have not abated; but he is now sometimes Mr. Lowell. It is only a too fastidious taste, we think, that would say Mr. Lowell had in any passages "seemed to vulgarize a deep and sacred conviction" by expressing it in the dialect; no one will deny that "high and even refined sentiment may coexist with the shrewder and more comic elements of the Yankee character," and, of course, be expressed in Yankee speech. It may. Usually, however it does not, and we suppose there is none of the readers of that fine poem, for instance, written when his publisher, who probably thought he knew very well the limits of his power, asked him to "please be funny," who has not felt doubtful if some of those stanzas were not far above what Mr. Lowell had taught us to expect from Mr. Biglow, and who has not, at any rate, felt sorry that thoughts so fine were not arrayed with the utmost nobleness.

#### GUSTAVE DORÉ UNDER FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.\*

It is with many disadvantages to contend against that M. Doré has become an illustrator of literature in general. His choice or his destiny has led him to make pictures for books of almost every kind, for the "Contes Drôlatiques" and Rabelais, "Baron Munchausen" and "Croque-Mitaine," Gerard's "Lion Hunting" and Mayne Reid's "Desert Home," Perrault's Fairy Tales, "Don Quixote," Dante's "Inferno," and the Bible. Of the enormous number of wood-cuts that have been made from his designs, perhaps nine-tenths are in illustration of books, and the only notable exceptions hitherto have been such works as the "History of Russia," where the inventions are wholly his own, and the "Wandering Jew," where he had only the suggestions of a short, rhymed legend. Now, book illustrations may either lend a new life and meaning to the ideas of the text, while having an independent existence of their own, or they may translate the author's words into pictorial expression, or they may be illustrations in name only, and anything but illustrations in fact—

"Like those with which Chapman obscured Holy Writ,"

and Doré after him. Of the great host of Gustave Doré's book pictures, the greater part seem to us to belong to the third class. The "Contes Drôlatiques" may be called well illustrated; and so may the Legends of Jaufré and Fierabras, if one forgets all about the Middle Ages except their coarseness and grotesqueness. The braggadocio "Chasse aux Lions" is as well bragged in picture as in prose; and the "King of the Mountains" is cleverly rendered by a mild sort of caricature, not unlike the book's original flavor. The "Wandering Jew," whether it be an illustrated book or not, is a real and striking success—to our mind the best thing that Doré has done in his chosen line, and a work which will remain when much else shall have passed away. But the later works, the most important and most celebrated, those which have been demanded of him by "enterprising publishers" since he has had a reputation, are not illustrations, whatever else they may be. Any one who loves "Don Quixote" or the "Inferno" will keep away from sight of M. Doré's pictures. Any one who misunderstands those books, who thinks the one a farce and the other a melodrama, will be helped to a deeper ignorance by means of the engraved commentary. And if any one wants his children to learn to feel deeply and heartily enjoy what is really great, Cervantes' pathos or Dante's tenderness, he must keep away from their minds the influence of the coarse insensibility of Doré.

There is some of this artist's work that is wholly his own, and it is in that that his really peculiar powers are better seen. His wild fancy is absurdly out of place in attempting to conform itself to grandeur and gracefulness. That thought of his cannot be found which will harmonize with the thought of a poet. His work shows no sympathy with pathetic, or quiet, or delicate feeling. His lines indicate a distaste for the highest beauty, and an indifference to all. But as far as energy and dash, and power of rapid and changeful design, and a real delight in and feeling for

the ghastly can lift an artist, so high M. Doré has attained. The merit of the "Wandering Jew" designs is in this, that, having a fierce legend ready-made to his hand, he has told it yet more fiercely and strongly in his drawings, feeling heartily all the joy there is in contemplation of the terrible and unknown. The merit of the little scrawls in the "Contes Drôlatiques" is many-sided, but is, chiefly in the frankness and willing coarseness, comically put. And in these and in some other of the book illustrations there is to be noticed an actuality of motion and life rather unusual in dealings with former times or even with our own; the lance, deep in the wounded knight's shoulder, lifts him clear out of his stirrups, bending with his weight; the lady's train, held by a page, catches the wind like a flag, and almost takes the page off his feet. There is no attempt to make the scenes probable or possible, no attempt at exact antiquarianism, only an irresistible love of rapid motion and violent shocks, and a delight in making fun of romantic legends.

These likings and abilities, with a ready wit, and, as we have said, great fertility of fancy, are M. Doré's capital as an artist. Much might be made of it. We regret the more his mistaken attempts to illustrate the Bible and stately poems and works of deep feeling, because he robs himself of his own charm, while he parodies his author. The two large lithographs, representing the ascent and the fatal descent of the Matterhorn, which have been hanging in Mohun & Ebbs's window all the autumn, are not great art, but are worth a great many plates of the Sainte Bible. And the twelve plates whose general title accompanies this article, next to the "Juif Errant," are the best thing we can offer any one who may wish to know what Doré can do.

The pictures are very unequal in merit and importance. They are curiously illustrative of their author's powers and weaknesses. The first is the story of Andromeda. The first thought in this picture is a good one; she is chained against the face of a rock to seaward, her white form gleaming, to be seen from far out at sea, offered and thrust forward for sacrifice. The sea-monster is ugly and loathsome enough, hardly terrible; but there is a suggested stony horror in the doomed beast's eyes, as he turns them up toward the Gorgon shield, very well imagined. Perseus' figure is quite badly drawn, and very inadequate. Andromeda is not in the contortions of horrible fear which might be expected of Doré, but rather calm about it, perfectly sure that Perseus will save her, fearing only that the beast may catch one of her feet before he turns wholly into stone. The water that washes over him is turned into stone already.

"La Sorcière" is cheap melodrama, unworthy of a moment's notice, except for common effects of landscape.

"Naufrage au Port" is excellent. There is a huge frozen lake or stretch of river, skaters figuring about upon it, a capital distant landscape of sloping hills and naked trees, and in the foreground a long line of sliders have all come to grief together, soldiers and ragged boys tumbling headlong one over the other, like bricks in a row. This might well be painted. Perhaps it has been; but if not, it is a picture ready to go into color, and on canvas.

"Au Fond des Bois" is mere rubbish, indescribably weak and puerile, old stock mythological indecency of the flattest sort. The nymphs are plump young women in various attitudes of uneasy slumber, perhaps as annoyed by tickling blades of grass; and yet if they were all the life in the picture it would be better and less hackneyed.

No. 5 is called "Rira Bien qui Rira le Dernier." (He laughs best who laughs last.) Seven small boys are robbing a vineyard, by moonlight and lantern light, regardless of a wooden soldier scarecrow or scareboy, which one of them taunts, and unconscious of the approaching gendarme. The attitudes are full of spirit and purpose, and the foreground is full of fine drawing, both of figure and foliage.

Nos. 6 and 7 are very disagreeable pictures, illustrating "Hop-o'-my-thumb." They almost repeat two of the plates in the large volume of Perrault's Fairy Tales. They are about as good as those were.

No. 8 is another good one, and full of incident. It is called "Entre Ciel et Terre," and is an epic of kite-flying. Far below you is Strasburg City, fortifications and town, but nearer is the grass-grown glacia, the smooth field outside the trenches, on which field all the idlers are walking and flying kites. The air is full of the kites. Most of them are prosperous, but one is diving hopelessly, and through one a big bird has flown—bang!—making a great ragged hole. The hero is an unfortunate frog, tied by one long leg to the end of the tail of a kite which is not in the picture—cruel enough; but the artist has had a thought of pity for him, and a stork is sweeping toward him with open beak. There will be a dreadful "scrimmage" in another moment, when the stork has swallowed the frog and can't get loose from the kite, and kite and stork flap and flutter together. The incidents be-

\* "L'Album de Gustave Doré." Paris: Goupil et Cie. Imported by Mohun & Ebbs.



low—boys raising kites, people looking up, a soldier and woman playing cards or making love, while another soldier pries into their affairs—all are capital, and there is wonderful skill in their arrangement and delineation.

No. 9 is "Le Dernier Banquet." A great grain-sack is open at the mouth and nine mice are feasting, ranged in circle, with their tails hanging down. Other corn-sacks lie about, and over one of them rises, like a rising moon, the head of a great cat, pricked ears and wide open eyes.

No. 10 is "Seville"—just a Spanish woman in a balcony. Even if this had never been done before, it would be stupid enough now, with no color to help it, nothing but black eyes and lace mantilla.

No. 11 is one of the best—"Deux Mères." The human mother is a savage, black, but hardly a negress, and two lusty children are climbing about her and seeking her breast. The feline mother is crouched upon the bank beneath which the former is seated, a leopard as big as a royal tiger, with three cubs, all four intent on the rival family below. It is possible that South America was intended, and a family of jaguars.

And No. 12 is "Le Clairon Jean Robellet"—an episode in the French campaign in Mexico. It is spirited; but spirited French battle-pieces are a common form of art, and Doré himself has drawn many.

This really interesting publication is well worth its moderate price, even if one tears up at once Nos. 2, 4, 6, 7, and 10. It is possible that it may be a sort of serial, to appear semi-occasionally. If so, there is no doubt that M. Doré's portfolio and fertile brain contain a hundred pictures as good as the best of these. He has been called—aptly enough—the Moloch of art. But it is quite possible to prove, from his existing works, that that is not a final ranking of him. And it is quite possible for him to reach a higher rank as an artist than he has ever yet attained to.

#### HERALDRY IN AMERICA.\*

ADMITTING that there is a popular indifference on the subject, and that the principle underlying the system is inconsistent with a well-known clause in the Declaration of Independence, there are, nevertheless, several good reasons for the publication in this country of an elementary manual on heraldry, and these we find so well stated in Mr. Whitmore's useful little work that we cannot do better than reproduce them.

The New England Historic Genealogical Society, which has given the chief impulse to these researches, decided recently to commence the publication of all existing specimens of coats-of-arms used in the Eastern States prior to the Revolution; but, unfortunately, the heraldic learning of the parties chiefly interested proved to be so meagre that it was found necessary to publish a brief manual on heraldry for their information. No existing work being considered perfect in method or matter, Mr. Whitmore undertook the present volume, which, although it is modestly styled by him a compilation, will not suffer by comparison with any similar elementary work in the language. With the exception of a rather superficial "Hand-book of Heraldry," published some years since by T. W. Gwilt Mapleson, it is the first treatise on the subject produced by an American author.

So much for the reasons on account of which the book was undertaken, and which to those specially interested in genealogical enquiries will appear sufficient. To the general community of readers it presents, in addition, the elements of a science which has been influential in forming modern society abroad, which is intimately connected with Gothic architecture and the arts of design, and which is so associated with history and imaginative literature that some knowledge of it is essential to a complete education. "Many of the terms of heraldry," says our author, "have become familiar expressions; many of the best English authors employ words which are intelligible only to those acquainted with the rudiments at least of this science;" and he might have added that among contemporary writers no one has made a more felicitous use than Tennyson of this species of phraseology.

During the connection of the North American colonies with the mother country, the use of coats-of-arms was tolerably common among us, particularly in the middle and southern colonies, where a landed aristocracy was early established; but subsequently to the Revolution, and during the early part of the present century, such emblems fell into almost total desuetude. Of late years, with increasing wealth, has arisen the desire of reviving armorial bearings, and to the foolish and inconsiderate manner in which such desire has been gratified, may be ascribed the prejudice attaching to modern heraldry.

For the clear manner in which it shows the difficulties that beset the

searcher for armorial bearings, Mr. Whitmore's volume is to be commended. In this respect it operates as a direct discouragement to reasonable people to pursue the subject, and an intelligent study of heraldry would doubtless reconcile nine persons out of ten to imitate the practice of Sydney Smith's ancestors, who, having no seals, used to stamp their letters with their thumb-nails. It would, moreover, tend to prevent some awkward mistakes occasionally noticeable in those ignorantly meddling with heraldic emblems. An amusing instance occurring to us is that of a milliner in a well-travelled thoroughfare of this city, who has exhibited, in place of a sign-board, a metallic shield of heraldic form with a bend sinister, on which her name and occupation are engraved. The purport of this particular charge was doubtless unsuspected by the person exhibiting it, who desired probably to produce a novel and attractive form of business sign, and had no intention of aspersing the character of her mother or any other of her ancestors.

If it be contrary to good taste and good morals to assume arms which belong to others, what shall be said of the practice, not very common now, it is to be hoped, of inventing them? The bare possibility of a period arriving when each citizen of this great republic shall have his separate coat-of-arms, of domestic manufacture, opens so wide a field of conjecture that, if for no other reason, the practice ought to be forthwith discouraged, and the most effectual means of bringing it into disrepute is to ascertain what the rules of heraldry really are, and to what degree it may be adopted as a system in this country. According to Mr. Whitmore, the practice of making up coats-of-arms from uncertain evidence, or without any evidence whatever, was common during the last century in New England, and probably elsewhere in the colonies, and he gives some curious examples of semi-fictional, or wholly fictitious coats executed by Boston engravers. If it be possible that persons are still foolish enough to seek such spurious bearings, and engravers venal enough to furnish them, let it be proclaimed, once for all, that there is no one in these United States technically competent to devise or assign new coats-of-arms, to be borne by individuals, and none certainly who have the right to receive them. "Heraldry," says our author, in conclusion, "here becomes the assistant of the genealogist, and, so soon as our local historians become familiar with the significations of heraldic devices, we may expect a great addition to our knowledge of the use of arms here. With this increase of familiarity with the science we may also expect a more scrupulous attention to its laws, and a decrease of the ridiculous assumptions which have thrown an undeserved stigma on American heraldry."

*Curious Questions.* By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. (J. J. O'Connor & Co.)—The author of this book is a Catholic clergyman, and the "Curious Questions" he discusses, "What is Science?" "What Relation has Philosophy to other Sciences?" "What is the Criterion of Certitude?" etc., etc. There are eighteen of these questions in all, and they concern the very weightiest problems and theorems of the universe, many of them touching on points over which the wisest and acutest of mankind have for thousands of years labored in vain. When we say that Dr. Brann solves them all, to his own satisfaction, in a small octavo of 292 pages, our readers will readily perceive that he is not a philosopher to be lightly and irreverently handled in the columns of a weekly periodical. He gives, as one of the reasons for writing the book, his perception of "the errors into which American writers fall from a lack of just principles, from a defect in their primary education." Americans ought to be very much obliged to him for the pains he has taken to supply a foundation for their philosophy; but we feel bound to remark that Dr. Brann's book reveals, in a very full measure, those very defects with which third-rate American writers are so often and so justly charged—confidence about things which are doubtful, and ignorance of things that are well established. He is, however, evidently fairly read in the history of philosophy, but not so well as in patristic theology. That his Greek is rusty, we judge from the fact that he talks of "*the γυμνασάριον*" as a synonym for self-knowledge, and declares the intellect of a young man of philosophic training to be in possession of "*the δοξασμα* of Archimedes," which is very like talking of liberty as "*the give-me-liberty* of Patrick Henry." He is, however, very liberal for a man of his school, and writes in a clear and forcible style. When we mention that the conclusions to which his philosophy leads him are those of Kant and Fichte, and Schelling and Cousin and all their followers "aim at the destruction of civil government, the right of justice, and the law of God and of man," and that "the opposers of the temporal power of the Pope are either bigots or infidels, or vain and paltry theorists, or corrupt politicians or Machiavellian statesmen, or restless demagogues," and that the movement to open the professions to woman "is but another way to worship sensualism," and that, in fact, "modern society"—that is, all society not governed by the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli—is thoroughly "paganized" and immoral, the women vicious, the men liars and infidels and cheats, our readers will perceive that Dr. Brann is not a person who has learned either to think or to write, and that all time spent in discussion with him would be time wasted. But we recommend the book to the perusal of those who want to know the kind of philosophy, both mental and moral and political, which a very large proportion of our population is now learning from the only teachers to whom they wholly give either their ears or their hearts.

\* "The Elements of Heraldry. By William H. Whitmore." New York: W. J. Widdleton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1866.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### THE NORTHERN ELECTIONS.

MR. JOHNSON has now seen the groundswell of popular indignation of which he has so unweariedly discoursed since February last. It has not, indeed, been quite of the kind which he predicted; in fact, the popular tide on which he counted so much has overwhelmed him and all his schemes. The conductor of the train, as Mr. Seward so felicitously termed him, has found out that the train has run over him, instead of his having run away with it.

The elections are now over, and it is possible to state with tolerable clearness the aggregate results. They are well worth attention. The following table shows the majorities given in all the Northern States this year, in round numbers:

#### REPUBLICAN MAJORITIES IN NORTHERN STATES, 1866.

Maine, . . . . .	27,500
New Hampshire, . . . . .	4,500
Vermont, . . . . .	22,000
Massachusetts, . . . . .	60,000
Rhode Island, . . . . .	5,000
Connecticut, . . . . .	500
New York, . . . . .	14,000
New Jersey, . . . . .	1,000
Pennsylvania, . . . . .	17,000
Ohio, . . . . .	43,000
Indiana, . . . . .	14,000
Illinois, . . . . .	60,000
Michigan, . . . . .	30,000
Wisconsin, . . . . .	25,000
Iowa, . . . . .	40,000
Minnesota, . . . . .	10,000
Kansas, . . . . .	15,000
Nevada, . . . . .	1,000
Oregon, . . . . .	500
California, . . . . .	15,000
Total, . . . . .	405,000

The same States gave Mr. Lincoln in 1864 a smaller majority, even including the soldiers' votes. Excluding these, his majority in the North was less than 300,000; and with them it was only 395,000. Moreover, the Republican majorities in November are relatively larger than those given in October; and the largest majorities are given in the States polling the fullest votes.

This is the most decisive and emphatic victory ever won in American politics. Not only is the majority the largest ever given in the same section of country, but it is given upon the largest vote ever polled. In every State which has voted this fall, except Vermont, Massachusetts, and California (in which last only county officers were chosen), more votes have been recorded than at the last Presidential election. Such an event has not happened at any election intermediate to the choice of a President for twenty-eight years. The vote of 1838 exceeded that of 1836, simply because the Presidential election of 1836 went almost by default. But the election of 1864 drew out a heavy vote; yet it has been outdone this year. Under all the circumstances, this is an unprecedented occurrence; and it demonstrates that the elections this year have stirred up the nation more thoroughly than any that have ever before taken place. Nothing could add to the weight, the force, the earnestness, the intensity of this determination of the people. The prodigious majorities of New York and Brooklyn in the other direction, amounting to nearly 57,000, have only served to show the tremendous force of the country districts, which have given 72,000 majority for Congress; a gain of nearly 24,000 over Mr. Lincoln's majority in 1864.

What, then, is the meaning of this impressive popular demonstration? It is not surprising that upon this point there should be some

difference of opinion, since the battle was fought upon different grounds in various places. But we think that all reasonable men can unite upon a few leading points as at least forming a portion of the verdict.

The first point which has unquestionably been passed upon is, that the people will not trust the South, or its ally, the Democratic party of the North, to rule in our government. The second is, that the South shall not be restored unconditionally to its privileges in the Union. The third is, that Congress, and not the Executive, is to name the conditions of restoration. The fourth, that the conditions already proposed are abundantly liberal to the South. A large majority of the successful party undoubtedly favor universal suffrage, but that question has been left by the people to the decision of Congress. If the terms already proposed by Congress are rejected, we are well satisfied that the country will sustain it in any course it may adopt to secure equal suffrage throughout the South. The readiness of Illinois to accept and enforce the judgment of Congress upon this subject, whatever it may be, appears to us as clear as the desire of Massachusetts for a judgment in favor of equal suffrage.

The conceit of the men who, supposing themselves to be leaders of the people, undertook to transfer the Republican party to Mr. Johnson, or at any rate to ruin it if they could not control it, has received a terrible rebuke. The places in which Messrs. Seward, Randall, and Doolittle live have all largely increased their majorities for the Republican party; while those in which Messrs. McCulloch and Browning live have largely reduced their Democratic majorities; and all the States from which these gentlemen come have gone heavily against their policy.

The future action of the President under this decisive defeat is, of course, a matter of general speculation. Every present indication points to an obstinate continuance of his recent policy. He still makes removals and appointments in the interest of the Democratic-Conservative party; and his latest utterance half indicates that he looks upon the popular verdict as one founded upon "passion and prejudice," which must speedily be modified. No one is better qualified by experience to judge of passion and prejudice than Mr. Johnson, for they are the staple of his own political sentiments. But some friend might suggest to him that the "prejudices" of the people may possibly last as long as his own; and that their "passions" may be too strong to allow of their waiting for a settlement of the great national problem until 1869, which is the earliest period at which Mr. Johnson's policy can, even in his own conceit, have any chance for success.

The Republican party holds power by a new tenure, having received such marks of public confidence as have never been given before to any party in this land. No party was ever before so nearly betrayed by its leaders, and none ever bore betrayal so well. The Whig party was overwhelmed in 1842 by the treachery of a President totally destitute of personal strength; and was killed in 1852 by the lukewarmness of its President and the defection of Mr. Webster's friends. The Republican party has faced the whole power of its own Administration, the influence of its most overrated statesman, the machinations of its most wily politician, the timid counsels of its alarmed friends, and has successfully defied them all.

The splendor of its victory should not, however, blind the party to its increased responsibility or to the perils which it must yet pass. It is evident that New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and one or two other States are not held by invincible majorities. The necessity for wisdom and caution is as great as ever, while the duty of unflinching courage is greater than ever. The Southern question *must* be dealt with boldly and settled finally within the next two years. It *should* be settled within six months. The people are ready to have an end put to further controversy as to the foundations of our national structure, in order that the work of rebuilding may go on. And more than ever we believe that the truest policy for all interests, and the truest humanity towards the white population of the South, which may otherwise be led on to destruction by its insane advisers, demand the prompt and complete establishment of equal suffrage as the basis of reconstruction, or, if anybody likes the phrase better, the removal of all political distinctions based on the color of the skin.



## THE GERMANS AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

WHETHER the Germans of this city deserted the Republican party in considerable numbers at the last election by way of avenging themselves on the authors of the obnoxious excise law, is still, and probably will remain, a matter of dispute for some time to come. We know of no way of deciding it with certainty except by a minute examination of the German voters on oath. The leading German Republicans deny it, and the *Tribune* asserts it—and supports its assertion with some show of proof, derived from a comparison of the vote this year with that of former years in certain wards. But, however it be, we confess we do not think the Republican leaders are exactly in a position to get very angry over it. Few Americans would enjoy passing their Sunday afternoons in a lager-bier garden or saloon, and we wish very much the Germans shared their distaste for it; but we nevertheless understand perfectly how it is that very good men amongst the latter consider a legal prohibition levelled against it an unwarrantable and vexatious interference with their liberties. Americans, Englishmen, and Scotchmen are apt to forget that their ideas as to the proper mode of observing the Sabbath are not shared by the rest of Christendom—not even by Protestant Christendom—and that excellent men of other nations, whose piety and learning it would be very absurd for us to doubt, consider a great many things proper on that day which we are bred up to look upon as downright wickedness. In Berlin, for instance, doctors of divinity go to beer-gardens on Sunday, and, what is worse, smoke and drink beer in them, and meet their friends in them; and if there are persons who maintain that Prussia is a less moral, less religious, or less enlightened community than ours, one that fears God less, we think they would find it difficult to make out their case. We do not recommend this practice for adoption either to our clergymen or our laymen, because, with our manners, our training, and our surroundings, a great many things that are perfectly harmless in Prussia would be both mischievous and sinful here. Every man's first duty is to live up to his own standard of right, let the standard of others be what it may. But we do think that, in judging the morality of other men's conduct, and weighing the reasonableness or unreasonableness of their unwillingness to have it regulated and controlled by legislation, their education and antecedents have to be taken into account. What should we think of an attempt to force us, under a heavy penalty, to eat only fish on Friday? And yet we are satisfied that to the mass of Germans our shutting up their beer-gardens on Sunday seems an interference with their personal rights just as obnoxious and unjustifiable.

It is, of course, lamentable that they do not see the insignificance and evanescence of evils or inconveniences of this kind, compared with those with which we are threatened by the reconstruction policy of Mr. Johnson, or by the continued supremacy of the "ring" in this city. A German workman voting for Hoffman—voting for the corruption and baseness which take the bread out of his children's mouths, and condemn him and them to live in filthy rooms at rents which ought to give him a snug house to himself—is a most depressing and even irritating spectacle. We regret, too, most heartily, that all Germans cannot be brought to see what most of the educated Germans here do see, that the peculiarities and traditions and beliefs which have produced the legislation which they find so obnoxious, are the very things which have contributed most powerfully to make America the safe and happy refuge which they have found it. There is something to most continental Europeans very repulsive in the Puritan code of morals; but Germans, of all men, ought not to forget that it is to that code—to the strong, self-restrained character which it has formed, to the ideas which it has infused into the national life, and to the noble discontent with self and with the world which it has bred, and to the magnificent confidence in the future which it cherishes, that this country, in which, with all its faults, they have found so much to comfort and console them, owes most of its greatness, most even of its material prosperity, and will, as we firmly believe, owe at last its salvation from the thousand dangers which still beset it. The liberty of drinking beer where and when one pleases, may, to a man who has been bred in it, be a very valuable possession; but "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely," is a still more precious one. Give a man this, and he

need care but little who withholds all the others, for they are sure, if worth winning, to be won at last.

But we feel bound to add that, if there be anything arising out of the late canvass well calculated to excite disgust, it is the reproaches now heaped on the German deserters from the Republican party by the very men who, from first to last, sought to win the votes of the Fenians by playing on their ignorance and pandering to their passions. We have seldom been more surprised than when, for instance, we lighted on the following passage in the *Tribune* of last Friday, in an article on this very subject:

"Of course, Germans, like others, are at perfect liberty to vote as they see fit, and for such reasons as to them shall seem fit. We claim only the right to report facts and to comment on them. The Germans who voted for Lincoln and Fenton in 1864 are not dissatisfied with him, nor with Congress, nor averse to 'Radicalism'; but many of them are hostile to any legislation which limits festivity and jollity, music and lager, on Sundays. And most of their journals studiously conceal from their readers the fact that our laws have, from time immemorial, prohibited public amusements and social tippling on Sundays; so there is nothing in the Excise act of last winter which has not been in substance the law of our State for generations. The Sunday liquor traffic in our city has always been under the ban of the law. It has prospered and increased because the law was disregarded. What the lager Germans demand is that the law shall now be either subverted or not enforced. And, if a majority shall be found to agree with them, they will doubtless have their own way. But, if they should see fit to say, 'True, we are a minority; but we can so act politically at the polls as to coerce the majority to submit to our demand,' we should not consider such action creditable to them, nor accordant with the spirit of free institutions."

Here we see the Germans soundly rated for seeking the repeal of a law which they consider obnoxious, in the only proper and legal way, by voting against its authors, and by the very journal which, for the last three months, has been trying to persuade the Irish that they had been foully outraged because they were prevented from founding a foreign government on American soil, and were compelled to obey that most just and necessary law, whose validity and propriety no civilized man has ever disputed, which forbids private citizens to organize military expeditions against friendly states. A German is to be held up to reprobation because he is restive under his exclusion from a place of Sunday amusements which neither his parents, nor his church, nor his conscience forbids him attending; while an Irishman is to be folded to the bosom, like a stricken deer, and wept over as what Howard, the proclamation-forgery, called the "monumental sufferer of the nineteenth century," because the naughty President won't let him rob and murder a little in Canada. The best cause the world ever saw would not thrive under advocacy of this sort, and, we will add, would not deserve to thrive under it.

## THE DOWNIEVILLE SWINDLE.

THE collapse of the Downieville Gold Mining Company affords a fresh illustration of the gullibility of Wall Street, and ought to point a moral for the benefit of unwary capitalists. The concern has not been many months in existence, but the stock, having been placed upon the list of the Mining Board, and having been manipulated with skill by its promoters, is perhaps better known than that of more substantial enterprises.

Whether there is any such property as the Downieville gold mine may, perhaps, be a question. The chances are, however, mines are so cheap in Colorado, that the contrivers of this swindle did really buy a mine by way of giving color to their scheme. They then issued 300,000 shares of stock, and sold some of them at an upset price, it is said, of thirty cents a share. This done, they succeeded in getting the stock placed on the list of the Mining and Petroleum Board, which institution, by the way, may congratulate itself upon having afforded facilities for more swindles than any other concern in the country.

Thus far, all was plain sailing. The ship was launched. The question now was, how was any money to be made by the voyage. In the case of the Napoleon Oil Company, which is still before the courts, the contrivers managed to induce a number of Wall-Street speculators to sell the stock short, and then by withdrawing all the shares from the market, compelled the sellers to settle at a heavy loss. This was a good style of swindle. But it was too fresh in men's memories to be repeated with any prospect of success. The Downieville party resorted

to another device. Day by day they ran up the price of their stock. From 80 cents a share it rose to \$1, then to \$2, then to \$3. Astounding reports of the prosperity of the mine and of the large increase of profits derived from new methods of working the ores were widely circulated. At the same time they instructed a certain number of brokers in the Board to "turn" the stock—that is to say, to sell it for cash, and buy it back on time. So large were the differences allowed for money—as much as 5 per cent. a month being freely paid—that quite a number of men of means caught at the bait. Sensible men of business fight shy of investments which promise an inordinate yield. But in Wall Street, with money a drug at 5 per cent. per annum, there are always greedy simpletons who will run risks for the sake of 5 per cent. a month. It was on this fact the Downieville party relied.

At first the contracts made were duly fulfilled. Capitalists who had "turned" Downieville at \$1 50, and had afterwards felt some nervousness about the operation, were agreeably surprised by the punctuality with which the stock was paid for at maturity of the options. Men who had lent \$1 on the stock when it was selling at \$1 50, got their money back on the day it was due, with the full amount of usurious interest. People began to say that, after all, the concern might not prove a swindle. So when the price rose to \$2 50 to \$3, there were quite a number of brokers with means who were not unwilling to lend on it at the rate of \$1 50 to \$2 a share. It might have been remarked, had any one watched the operation closely, that at this stage of the proceedings the two or three substantial men who were known to be identified with the concern ceased to make contracts in their own name for the purchase of the stock on time, and that all such contracts were executed by minor brokers who had no responsibility. But this was not generally noticed. By the first week of November the schemers had succeeded in pledging a very large number of shares of Downieville as security for loans, and contracts were pending in the Mining Board for the purchase, on time, of many thousands more. The schemers had, perhaps, bled the Street to the tune of \$100,000—perhaps more. This was deemed enough.

On 6th November, the orders to buy Downieville at the Board, which had never come from any one outside of the original schemers, were withdrawn. Parties who wanted to sell could find no market. And the truth flashing upon the minds of operators, sales were forced, and the stock fell from \$2 85 to 30 cents in a day. Simultaneously, the parties who had borrowed money on the security of the stock, and the brokers who had been employed to sell it for cash and buy it back on time, declared that they had no money and could not fulfil their contracts. Thus the bankers who had lent on the stock, and the operators who had sold it on time, for the sake of the usurious interest allowed, were robbed in a day of the whole amount of money invested.

The matter took the usual course. Several of the parties implicated are in Eldridge-Street Jail. Whether anything can be proved against them is very doubtful. Under the usury law the lenders on Downieville have probably no claim either for interest or principal. But it will be a pity if the scandal be suffered to blow over without an attempt to get at the substantial men who occupied the background throughout this nefarious affair, and who, doubtless, have pocketed the lion's share of the plunder. Even if there were no impediment on the ground of money, there is probably nothing to be collected from the petty brokers who were the instruments of the real schemers; but they might be compelled to divulge the names of their principals, and a thorough *exposé* of these might be useful.

We trust the collapse of the Downieville Company may not prove the "beginning of the end" with the Colorado mining shares. A good deal of Eastern money has been put into these mines, and it would be a pity if it were all lost. At the same time, it would be rash, in view of present facts and prospects, to advise further investments in that region. There is ore there, certainly—fine veins—and with proper processes a good deal of metal has been got out, and more will come. But it remains to be demonstrated that the best of these mines, such as the Consolidated Gregory and the Smith and Parmelee, can produce a dollar's worth of metal at a less cost than one dollar in specie; while it is shrewdly suspected that it costs most of the companies at least \$1 25 to produce \$1. At this rate the final result is inevitable. As Micawber used to say: "Income, twenty shillings; expenditure, nine-

teen and sixpence; net result, happiness; but—income, twenty shillings; expenditure, twenty-one; net result, misery;" so of mines. They may yield \$100,000 a month of the very finest silver or gold; but if it costs them \$105,000 to get it, their owners will, sooner or later, be ruined to a dead certainty.

## PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Oct. 26, 1866.

THE Imperial family have returned from Biarritz to St. Cloud, all its members, it is said, in excellent health. Dr. Blanche, the renowned physician of the private madhouse of Charenton, who has gone to Miramar to attend the Empress of Mexico, sends to the Empress Eugénie, as well as to the King of the Belgians, a daily telegraphic bulletin of the state of his patient. It is difficult to get at the truth respecting the state of royal and imperial personages; but it is said that the physicians in attendance on the Empress Charlotte consider that her recovery will probably be slow. By the last accounts she was calmer, had slept, and had begun to eat. It seems that the house-steward of Miramar, during the period of its occupation by the Archduke Maximilian, remained in the town on the departure of his master for Mexico, and opened a restaurant on its outskirts. To this restaurant the unfortunate Empress repaired on her arrival, and begged Zelinka and his wife (who is the cook of the establishment) to send her, every day, food cooked by themselves, and that no other hands should have touched, adding that she dared not take any food offered to her by those about her, and especially by her Mexican servants, as they would poison her. "I am really hungry," said the Empress, "and suffering from want of food." The Count of Flanders is at Miramar, and the Queen of the Belgians is going thither shortly. The Empress Charlotte occupies the ground floor of the villa—said to be the most beautiful residence of Europe—looking out, over a fine terrace, upon the sea. Great prostration seems to have succeeded to the excitement which marked the beginning of her illness. She lies still, with her eyes closed, and seems to be almost always asleep. The Emperor Maximilian, who adores his wife, will doubtless feel his horizon to be more heavily overshadowed by this illness than by all the other disappointments and anxieties of his not very enviable position.

The journals of Paris, in the present dearth of any subject of general interest, have taken to quarrelling among themselves in the persons of their editors and principal writers. As these quarrels are generally preceded by an active cross-fire of notes, which are published in full by both parties to the quarrel, and lead to a duel, which, with the statements of the respective seconds, furnish matter for no end of "copy," they are a godsend to the press; but these hostilities of sword, pistol, and pen have been growing so common of late, that the whole thing is rapidly becoming a bore; but we are not, apparently, at the end of this sort of exhibition. The rapid success of *La Liberté*—the new and popular penny paper set up by M. Emile de Girardin, in which Baron de Brisse publishes daily the skeleton-dinner which sets half the mouths of Paris watering—induced M. de Villemessant, the well-known editor of the *Figaro*, to set up a rival paper at the same price. This paper, the success of which has equalled, if it has not surpassed, that of *La Liberté*, has just published, in large type, under the heading of "A Simple Question addressed to M. Emile de Girardin," a request to that gentleman to be good enough to inform it of the number of its issue—seeing that, while "M. de Girardin stated it to be, a few months ago, 48,000, envious people declare it to be under 12,000." Out of this "simple question" is sure to grow a pretty little quarrel, with all its usual accompaniments and results, that will give matter for the printers and the public for a week or two to come. The belligerent humor of the Paris press has given the *Charivari* a good subject for quizzing; and *Cham*, in the last number of that favorite print, gives a capital caricature, representing a confabulation between three journalists, who are sitting dolefully together at an editorial table, their faces patched up with plasters and bandages, their arms in slings, one of whom says to the others, "I don't know what may be your opinion, gentlemen; but, for my part, I think we have done enough of this sort of work, and that we might now, instead of fighting, begin to set our subscribers by the ears instead of ourselves!"

M. de Thouvenel, one of the most liberal and progressive of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs under the Second Empire, has just succumbed, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, to an asthma that had rendered the last few years of his life a perpetual martyrdom. The death of his wife, a year ago, of consumption seems to have been his death-warrant. The Emperor has lost in him a sagacious and devoted counsellor, and the cause of progress an enlightened defender. He was buried on Monday last at the cost of the state, with all the pomp usual here in public funerals. All Paris



turned out to witness the transportation of the body from the Palace of the Luxembourg, which the deceased statesman inhabited in right of his post as Grand Referendary of the Senate, to the Church of St. Sulpice, where the absolution was pronounced by the Archbishop of Paris, and whence it was conveyed to the railway station for Metz, where it will be interred beside the mortal remains of his wife.

A celebrity of the First Empire, M. Léger, the tailor who made for the great warrior the famous grey overcoat inseparably connected with the memory of his campaigns, has just died at the age of nearly a hundred years, rich and respected, at his pleasant estate at Ville d'Avray, in the neighborhood of St. Cloud. He made a liberal use of the large fortune he had amassed in his trade, was of active habits and jovial temper, and was never ill until a few days before his decease. He was preparing to celebrate next Sunday the completion of his ninety-ninth year, when he was suddenly taken ill, and shortly afterwards expired.

The brilliant success of Victorien Sardou's new drama, "Our Worthy Villagers," has set other pens at work to calculate the probable yield, in solid coin, of this new triumph of the persevering author of so many striking works, disdained at first and since acclaimed with so much enthusiasm. Supposing the new piece to go through one hundred nights, as it is pretty sure to do, these hundred nights will give an average receipt of 4,000 francs, making a total of 400,000 francs. The twelve per cent. of "author's rights" would thus amount to 24,000 francs, which sum, joined to the 5,000 francs paid down when a piece is accepted, the proceeds of the "author's tickets," a second payment of 5,000 francs at the fiftieth representation, the sale of the manuscript, and the amount of "author's rights" from all the provincial theatres giving the piece, will bring up the total of the author's gains to about 100,000 francs, or \$20,000, honorably won from the pockets of the public.

The handsome and eccentric descendant of the Bonapartes, so widely known as the Countess Marie de Solms, now setting up as the "properest of the proper" under the name of the ex-prime minister whom she has married, has prolonged her stay in this rainy and foggy city, where, as usual, she contrives to get herself talked about. Her vanity has, however, been the means of giving to the public a very charming letter addressed to her, when in the high-tide of her beauty, by the unfortunate poet Gerard de Nerval, whose suicide, in the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe, caused so profound a sensation in this luxurious and frivolous capital, for it was known that the poet had been driven to desperation by want and hunger, which his proud and sensitive nature had induced him to keep a secret from his friends. In this letter the poet tells the young beauty of seventeen that he had discovered, that day, a family in such utter destitution that he had given them "all he possessed, forty sous and an overcoat," and that he had promised them that a fair and beautiful fairy, greater than all the great people of the earth, would come to see them, and would give them food, raiment, clothing, and kind words, and begs her to fulfil his promise by "blessing them with the light of her large black eyes and her kindly smile." The grace and charm of this letter are admirable in their way, and as the lady is generous and charitable, she doubtless rewarded the tropes of the poet by fulfilling his promises. The same fascinating personage went, a few days ago, to the famous man-dressmaker, Worth, and told him that she had heard much of his skill and taste, and should regret to leave Paris without taking with her a costume of his creating. The celebrated *artiste*, who greatly prefers using his talents for handsome women than for ugly ones, examined his visitor for a moment, and appeared to make up his mind that she "would do." "What shall I make you?" he murmured, musingly, as he studied the lady with a view to effects. "I have it!" he continued, with a burst of languid enthusiasm. "You shall be a poet's dream! Yes; your beauty is just of that character; I shall make you 'a poet's dream.' Come to me, this evening, dressed for a ball and with all your diamonds. I shall receive you in this boudoir. You adore flowers? I was sure of it. The room shall be transformed into a grove of rare exotics, with tiny jets of flame, like glow-worms, shining between the leaves. You will move about like a fairy princess in her bower; and I shall watch you, hidden behind the flowers, and wait for an inspiration!" No doubt that Worth will have caught "an inspiration" that will be realized in some very beautiful and becoming costume; and no doubt, also, that Madame Ratazzi will have to pay a pretty heavy "equivalent" that will compensate the artist of the Rue de la Paix for his triple outlay of flowers, gas, and flattery!

Thérèse, Patti, and Lagrua are getting over their colds, to the joy of their admirers; the various branches of the Rothschilds have held a family congress at Vienna; and Colonel Stodard, the unrivalled conjuror, is coming here from London.

The revival of Glück's masterpiece, "Alceste," meets with a general, if

not enthusiastic, approval. The fact is that fashions change, even in the realms of art; and the music which charmed our great-great-grandmothers does not always charm their descendants in an equal degree. Conscious of a certain coolness in the admiration excited by works that have formerly passed for *chef-d'œuvres*, one is tempted to wonder whether to future generations the sublimity of Beethoven, the beauty of Mozart or Rossini, may possibly seem antiquated, tame, or thin? At all events the old *maestro*, whose sole journeyings are between his villa at Passy and his apartment at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, is the object not only of artistic homage and of popular ovations, but of royal and imperial favors, to which, however, he is far from attaching any undue importance. Thus he has just received from the Czar, in addition to the many orders bestowed on him by crowned "fountains of honor," the knighthood of Alexander Nevsky, which compliment brings with it a yearly pension of 1,000 roubles. The same combination of honor and profit has also been bestowed on the composer Ricci, the choregraphic genius St. Léon, and the skilful *librettisti*, Solera and Piave.

While honors come thickly to the green old age of the author of so many masterpieces, the infatuated young King of Bavaria, whose passion for Dr. Wagner and his "music of the future" seems to lead him into fresh absurdities daily, has bestowed on the declared enemy of all the musical geniuses of the past, from Rameau to Rossini, a cane surmounted with a golden swan, set with diamonds; a *souvenir* of the adventures of the hero of the most discordant of Wagner's "operas," which brings up to about a quarter of a million of florins the sum total of the "*petits cadeaux*" bestowed by the eccentric young monarch on the would-be "reformer of the musical abominations" of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and the Italians. Besides which misplaced munificence, Maximilian II. has defrayed, from his privy purse (by no means a heavy one), the expenses of bringing out Wagner's "Lohengrin," amounting to the pretty little sum of 80,000 florins, and those of bringing out the "Tristan and Isolde" of the same cacophonist, amounting to a sum still more considerable. A curious verification of the proverb that "every dog has his day," is the fact that even the Wagnerian barkings and howlings find their admirers!

#### "WHY WE HAVE NO SATURDAY REVIEWS."

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE discusses this question in a recent number of the "Galaxy," but fails, we think, to give it a complete or satisfactory answer. He has, doubtless, hit on some of the reasons which have prevented the appearance in this country ere now of a periodical of the character and pretensions of the *Saturday Review*; but he has left the principal one, in our opinion, unnoticed. It is quite true, for instance, that serious obstacles to the success of any such publication are offered by the wideness of the area over which persons of cultivation are scattered, the absence of a literary metropolis, and the insatiable demands made on the time and thoughts of all men of ability by law, politics, and commerce. The small price paid by publishers for contributions, which he also mentions, we think of very little importance. If publishers do not pay enough for articles, it is because it does not pay them to pay more. They are but retailers, and they give the manufacturers simply what the demand on the part of their customers justifies them in giving.

We think we can throw a little more light on this momentous theme—for momentous it is if we are to judge from the amount of talk there has been expended on it by that very small class who have ever seen the *Saturday Review* or know what it is. We shall commence by stating that, in our opinion, the grand and in itself sufficient reason why the American public has not had a *Saturday Review* before now is that it has not wanted one. Those who have done most of the lamenting over the absence of a weekly paper of this description have always taken for granted that there existed a demand for it on the part of the public: this we pronounce to be a baseless assumption. Mr. White asserts that this demand has existed and does exist, but the native manufacturers have not been able to supply it, and consequently readers have betaken themselves to the English article, and he mentions that the call "at all the intellectual centres of the country for the first-rate weekly papers of London—the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, etc.—is so large that one firm lives chiefly by importing these papers to supply that demand." How a man of Mr. White's knowledge of the literary taste of the community ever got such a notion as this into his head it is difficult to see. We have always held, when listening to the prevalent groanings for a *Saturday Review* or *Spectator*, that, if either of these papers was published in the United States, it would not circulate one thousand copies. As it is, in spite of the craving for them at "the intellectual centres," the firm which Mr. White supposes to "live

chiefly by importing them," imports less than two hundred *Saturday Reviews*, and less than one hundred *Spectators*, although it supplies Boston; and, in fact, it may be safely said that the total circulation of the *Saturday Review* and *Spectator* together in the whole United States does not reach 500 copies. So easy is it for vague and erroneous impressions to get afloat. Mr. White talks of this as a "large and increasing demand" for the imported article, and ascribes it, in part at least, to "the failure of the native production." But the demand is not large—it is very small; and it is not increasing. If we subtract from the two hundred copies of the *Saturday Review* the number taken by expatriated Britons and news-rooms, we should probably find that such was the dissatisfaction of the American public with "the native production" that it had furiously ordered about eighty copies of the first-class English weeklies to supply the intellectual needs of a population of 20,000,000.

We, for our part, are firmly convinced that when the American public, or any other public, can bring into the market what political economists call "an effective demand" for first-class periodicals, it will get them. That it has not wanted first-class foreign weeklies we conclude, with the utmost confidence, from the fact that, although such papers have been in existence for twenty or thirty years, it has not bought them, and does not buy them. That it has not wanted first-class native weeklies we infer, with equal certainty, from the fact that there are none in existence; or perhaps we may be allowed to say, after the proper amount of simpering and blushing, that there were none in existence till THE NATION was started.

The shortcomings of authors and publishers on which Mr. White comments have, we think, very little to do with the matter. The circulation of the *Saturday Review* or *Spectator*, even in England, would here be considered very small. It is very small, and we question very much whether either of these papers derives any profit worth speaking of from its sales. It is the advertisements that keep them afloat and enrich the proprietors; and the income of the *Saturday Review* from this source is very large, although most of its advertisements are crowded into pages which readers never cut. It is, nevertheless, able to ask almost any price it pleases, and finds it cheerfully paid. If a journal of similar circulation here were to ask for advertisements at such rates, it would either be laughed at or have to receive them as a great favor, probably accompanied by a request for a supplementary puff in the editorial columns, such as "religious" weeklies accord to good customers. The reason of this is not far to seek. In aristocratic countries, traders of all kinds rely rather on few sales at high prices than large sales at low prices. They therefore address their advertisements to a small wealthy class, and in selecting the paper in which they put them they consider rather the social position and tastes of its readers than their number—in other words, their quality rather than their quantity. In England the wealthy class is the cultivated class. In other words, the first-class weeklies are more read by the great buyers of books, jewelry, clothes, and all luxuries than any other paper except the *Times*. The *Star* or *Daily Telegraph* has probably six times the circulation of the *Saturday Review*; but it probably does not receive one-tenth as much for its advertisements. Here the converse of this rule prevails. All advertising is paid for in strict proportion to the number of eyes the paper reaches, no matter what may be the position of those to whom the eyes belong. How hardly this bears on papers which address themselves mainly or solely to the cultivated class, we need not point out, all the more as the cultivated class in America is by no means the wealthiest of the community. Our large fortunes are too frequently in the hands of men whose reading, from their youth up, has rarely carried them beyond the daily papers.

There is, of course, greater difficulty in securing good writing, such as first-class weeklies call for, here than in England, and for various reasons, which we have only time to glance at. The English universities turn out every year as fair a proportion of dunces and blockheads as any institutions of their size in the world. But they also turn out a great number of young men of remarkable maturity of mind as well as cultivation—a much greater number, we imagine, than American colleges. These young men mostly go into the church or to the bar; in either case they have, during the best years of their life, a superabundance of leisure. A man is very successful at the English bar who begins to creep into practice at forty. An American lawyer is by that time near being a grandfather and beginning to be worn out with work and to occupy himself with the investment of a snug fortune. The Englishman passes the golden fifteen years of his prime in waiting, hoping, dining out, and talking. He is surrounded by a very complex society, composed of several classes, differing in habits, manners, and tone of thought, and he lives amongst people who go into company as a pursuit, and are constantly occupied with the consideration of their relations to other people of the same set, and of the various means by which "social

position" is won, or kept, or lost. The result is that he can hardly help speculating constantly on social phenomena, trifling often, but generally interesting, and produces "social articles" which constitute so much of the attraction of the *Spectator* and *Saturday Review*, and for which we sigh so often, and sigh in vain, in our own papers. The social experience even of our middle-aged men is very small, and our society has been hitherto too monotonous in its coloring and outline to furnish food for anything but very general reflection.

The charge which Mr. White dwells on a good deal, that American authors do not write well for American periodicals because they are not paid enough, we think has far more sound than substance. Writers are not well enough paid; but the fault is not with the publishers, but the public, as we have said already. We cannot agree with Mr. White that writers of articles for periodicals should be paid at the same rate as men bringing the same amount of time or ability to the practice of the law. The practice of the law requires special and peculiar training; the practice of literature needs only such training as any man may get incidentally in the course of a general education. A lawyer, too, is not paid simply for his time or for the use of his brain. He is paid for his character, his experience, and for incurring tremendous responsibility, such as no literary man knows anything about. Bad writing is, no doubt, an offence against society, which every man should avoid committing if his circumstances and his education will permit him; but it cannot be compared to the offence of betraying a client or mismanaging his business through negligence or ignorance or incapacity. Writers—even the best writers—are not paid in England at the same rate as lawyers. Thackeray never received nearly as much money in his most successful year as Bethell, or Thesiger, or Cairns received year after year as his regular income, to say nothing of the official honors, which are in England part, and a large part, of a successful lawyer's reward.

The real reason, as we believe—or, at least, the great reason—why we have not hitherto had journals of the literary standing of the first-class English weeklies, has been much the same as the reason why we have not until very recently had any poets or historians or essayists or scientific men to compare to those of European countries. It was neither the small pay, nor the size of the republic, nor the absence of a literary metropolis that deprived us of them, but the fact that the Revolution left this country in a colonial condition, intellectually as well as in other ways, out of which it has ever since been working, although traces of it are still to be found. But we are making pretty rapid progress, and we predict that Mr. White will live to see the day not when, as some wiseacres expect, America will have a new and peculiar literature of its own, and even an astronomy and pure mathematics of its own, but when it will contribute its share to the literary and scientific stock of the civilized world—and that, too, a very important share—and when, though it will not have a *Saturday Review*, it will have "first-class weeklies" that will be honest—which the *Saturday Review* is not—as well-written as the *Saturday Review*, and charged with some better mission than preaching the humbug of everything but material comfort and literary finish. We have already a large number of scientific and literary men whose opinions in their respective fields are as valuable as those of any men in Europe, and who are as well able to express them; and there can be no indelicacy in saying that, as far as THE NATION is concerned, it has never found the least difficulty in getting them to contribute to its columns, although it has never offered them even such fees as lawyers of the first rank are accustomed to receive for even winking at their clients.

#### UNEXAMPLED MUNIFICENCE.

THERE is something truly royal in Mr. Peabody's munificence, and yet royal is not a good enough word to characterize the large-hearted, free-handed generosity which is contributing so wisely to the endowment of American institutions of learning. Kings have rarely had so much wealth at their disposal, and still more rarely have they had the wisdom and the will to plan as Mr. Peabody has done for the benefit of future generations.

Years ago, when his public gifts in this country began, Mr. Peabody announced this sentiment: "Education, a debt due from the present to future generations." This debt he is now paying with all the fidelity of an honorable merchant whose liberality is commensurate with his vast acquisitions.

The month of October, 1866, will henceforward be memorable as the month of his great endowments. One day we hear of him in Danvers, Mass., receiving the thanks of the citizens of his native place for the libraries he has there established. Not long previous we were told of his erecting a memorial church in Georgetown, and establishing another library in Thetford, Vermont, with both of which towns he was connected by peculiar ties. Then the newspapers informed us that he had given the sum of \$25,000 to



that excellent and famous classical school in Andover, Phillips Academy. A few days later he visits Cambridge and endows a new department in the time-honored university with \$150,000. He is next at New Haven, where he bestows upon Yale College an equal sum for a museum of natural history. Before the close of the month he is in Baltimore witnessing the opening of the Peabody Institute, and adding half a million of dollars to the sum of like amount which he had previously bestowed. We doubt whether the annals of learning or of benevolence in any land record so many wise and generous gifts from a single source. We hope such liberality will be known as AMERICAN.

Mr. Peabody's twin-gifts to the two oldest colleges of this country are peculiarly gratifying to the friends of learning. At Cambridge, where already so many institutions are clustered, he has added another jewel to the crown, providing in all future time for the study of American archaeology and ethnology. Sixty thousand dollars of his gift are to be set apart as a building fund, and, when it reaches the amount of \$100,000, it is to be expended in the erection of a museum for the collections which are meanwhile to be made. Half of the remaining \$90,000 is to be devoted to a professorship of American archaeology, and the remaining half is to be employed in the collection of antiquities and books pertaining to the early races of the American continent. This is a most welcome gift to all who are interested in the early history of this continent. At New Haven there has been for years one of the best cabinets of minerals in the country, and considerable collections have been made in zoölogy and paleontology; but there has been no suitable place for the exhibition of these cabinets. Mr. Peabody now gives to Yale College \$100,000 for the immediate erection of a museum of natural history, and \$20,000 to accumulate as a building fund for the enlargement of the same. He also gives \$30,000, the income of which is to be expended in the increase and care of the collections in geology, mineralogy, and zoölogy. This supplies a want at Yale College which has long been felt by all who are interested in natural science. All the scientific departments of the university will be incalculably benefited by this foundation. There is one peculiarity of these gifts worthy of especial comment. The donations are not encumbered by any trivial or notional conditions. They are almost untrammelled. Only such indications are given of the founder's wishes as will ensure the execution of his general design. But his plans are protected by establishing both at Cambridge and New Haven, independent of the college corporation, a board of trustees who are especially charged with the organization and maintenance of the proposed institutions. This secures (so far as it can be secured in future) the personal interest of a body of trustees who will not be overwhelmed, as college corporations are destined to be, by the multitude of their trusts, but who will, in all probability, have the peculiar taste and disposition essential to the wise control of the Peabody foundations. Thus, at Cambridge, the Peabody trustees are Robert C. Winthrop, Charles F. Adams, Francis Peabody, Stephen Salisbury, Asa Gray, Jeffries Wyman, and George Peabody Russell; and, as their places become vacant by death or resignation, the presidents of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, the Essex Institute, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Boston Society of Natural History are to be *ex-officio* members of the board.

At New Haven the Peabody trustees are James D. Dana, James Dixon, Robert C. Winthrop, Benjamin Silliman, George J. Brush, Othniel C. Marsh, and George P. Wetmore. Whenever a vacancy occurs, the governor of Connecticut is to become, *ex-officio*, a trustee, and the other vacancies are to be filled by a vote of the remaining trustees, provided that not more than four of them shall at any time be members of the faculty of Yale College. We regard the mode in which these special boards of trustees are constituted as eminently wise and worthy of imitation in other large bequests to literary institutions.

The organization of the Peabody Institute at Baltimore has often been stated, and we need not dwell upon it at present. The library, the courses of lectures, the gallery of art, and the Academy of Music, when they all become real, will constitute a city athenæum to which the country can show no parallel.

## Fine Arts.

### THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

#### I.

THIS Annual Fall Exhibition was opened on Wednesday, the 7th. The collection of this year is unusual in this, that it includes many pictures by artists whose work is seldom exhibited here. It is probable that there has never

been a work by Mr. Whistler publicly shown in America before, although for several years his extraordinary pictures have attracted so much attention and caused so much controversy in Europe. It is probable that there are no other original works by D. G. Rossetti in this country than the two water-colored drawings now in the East Gallery, although Rossetti, as chief of the original "Pre-Raphaelites," and of the present great and national school which has been formed by them and their followers, occupies a place in contemporary art-history equal in importance to that of any living painter. There are not many original Turners in this country, and the few there are do not get into public galleries. We do not remember that any drawing or picture of his best time has ever been exhibited here before the vignette water-color drawing, No. 231. Samuel Prout is as little known to Americans as Turner by any original work; and here are two Prout drawings. There is a large picture by the younger Leslie, a rising man. There are two water-colors by Clarkson Stanfield and one by Copley Fielding; other two by David Cox. And the catalogue says there are a Gainsborough and an Eastlake, which, at this writing, we have not seen. So much for the Englishmen, and, short as the list may seem, it is even remarkably rich for a New York collection; for the caterers to the "metropolitan" public do not furnish it with much English art. Our people are supposed, we do not know why or with what show of reason, to care little or nothing for any art but modern—yes, contemporary—French pictures. Mr. Pilgeram's collection at the Tenth-Street gallery a few months ago contained a few English pictures, but not of first-rate importance, and even they were soon removed from the walls to make room for *exigeants* French canvases, and panels. The English exhibitions of '59 and '60 were valuable, indeed, but have never been followed up. And even these failed to show to us anything of Rossetti's, or anything by Turner so valuable as the "Edinburgh" before us. Besides the foreign pictures, however, the energetic officers of the Artists' Fund Society have got together some domestic rarities. How long is it since anything by either of the Hills has been exhibited? Too long, at all events; and here are five drawings by J. W. Hill and four by his son. It was worth having an exhibition, just to bring these nine drawings together from Brooklyn and Troy and New York. One of Washington Allston's most interesting pictures is here, and the catalogue mentions three portraits by Gilbert Stuart, which we have not seen.

It is partly the catalogue's fault that it is hard to learn what there is in this collection. There is no index at the end, and every one who wants to study the collection in earnest must make one for himself. It is to be wished that the New York artists and people, in their zeal for French art, would copy the French in some of their dealings with art, and particularly their way of getting up catalogues. A great many copies of the Salon catalogue come here every year, and it is a wonder they never fall into the hands of the makers of our shabby pamphlets. Our arrangement, numbering in regular progression around each gallery in order, and printing the list to correspond, is in many respects more convenient than the French classification; but our system absolutely requires an index of exhibitors, with the numbers of their exhibited works, and any system would require a large reduction in the number of typographical and other blunders.

There has been an attempt, this year, to form a really valuable collection of water-color drawings. The East Gallery has been given up to them; but they fill it and overrun, and half as many as get in are accommodated outside in the corridor. This we hope to see fixed, the permanent custom for our exhibitions. Oil paintings and water-color drawings ought never to be hung side by side in these crowded galleries; they injure each other's effect. And certainly we ought not to have any more exhibitions without water-color drawings, as a few years ago were common.

The display of sculpture is extraordinarily scanty; and there are very few pencil or pen-and-ink or other uncolored drawings. Two etchings by Mr. R. S. Gifford we notice in the corridor.

Leaving the exhibition until next week, we notice, only, the still unfinished interior, the block capitals not yet carved, and the bare, tinted walls. The high prices of all things connected with building are doing harm here, as in many other places and in many other ways. But this beautiful building ought to be finished, and that forthwith.

#### PICTURES ELSEWHERE.

Mr. Homer has nothing at the Artists' Fund Exhibition, and that is a great pity; but three pictures of his may be seen at Mr. Avery's rooms in Broadway. They are all three very sketchy, rapidly painted in the "broadest" manner, and we are sorry to see Mr. Homer's work *always* so slap-dash. If he ever paints more thoroughly nowadays, the more thorough work does not come to the public view. But all these three, and more particularly the one called "The Waverley Oaks," are full of power and the evidences of power. Here is a painter, his pictures say, who can set down what he im-

agines; can draw as well as think, and paint as well as dream; and who sees, moreover, much in common things that generally passes unseen or half seen. He is almost a colorist, just misses it, indeed, and, there is reason to hope, will not miss it long. In "The Waverley Oaks," two girls, who are but a small part of the picture, and who are dressed in the fashionable costume of the day, and who are not more brilliant in color or more perfectly painted than other parts of the picture, are yet the picture, taking proper precedence over the landscape, not because the landscape is subordinated, but because it is necessarily subordinate in the presence of human figures equally well painted with itself. These pictures, it should be remembered, are slight and unfinished studies in oil color; it is, as we have hinted, of questionable propriety to exhibit them as for sale. But the painter's power over his subject is as noticeable in these studies as it could be in more finished work. There is, we think, an error in the drawing of one of the figures in the croquet study, but yet how well the same figure is drawn, how powerfully—how the body is recognized inside the preposterous and unnatural dress! Indeed, as regards costume alone, these pictures ought to be taken care of, that our descendants may see how the incredible female dress of the present day actually did look, when worn by active young women. And for the beauty of the pictures, it could hardly have been supposed that the out-door dress of fashionable young ladies could have been made to "look so well in a picture."

At Goupil's are some pictures very much more important than the few French pictures at the Artists' Fund Exhibition. One of these has long been known here by its photograph—Louis Knaus's "Départ pour la Danse." The engraving of the same artist's picture, "The Christening," is even better known. In both these, and in other pictures of his, as, for instance, the "Mountebank," there is an almost melodramatic unity of action. The people are all looking at the baby, as the old curé takes it in his arms, until one tires of their monotonous attention. And in this, all the town is pouring out to the green where the dancing is to be, until one longs to see somebody at a window, left behind, or going the other way. But it is amusing to see how many and how various incidents the artist has fancied to enforce his one thought, the single thought of his picture, going to dance, even the sober geese uncertain which way to go, and two of them frightened by tumbling boys into taking the way of the lively procession. The picture is one of those which are almost perfectly well rendered by the photograph, which retains nearly all there is valuable in the original.

Dieffenbach is said to have been a pupil of Knaus, and his picture, now at Goupil's, though inferior to the one just described, is of the same general character. It is "The Wedding Eve," and the scene is in Hesse, or thereabouts, in Central Germany. It is interesting as a record of customs and costume, which are soon to pass away before advancing uniformity and city fashions.

There is here a Meissonier, one of the few painted in a bolder style than his usual microscopic elaboration. It is a scene in some royal or great noble's ante-chamber, a gentleman waiting for an interview, restless, his hand on the high, carved wooden mantel, and his foot on the fender. It might be D'Aragnan in "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," but that he was not in the habit of "faire antichambre." The surroundings are very interesting, and the picture is full of color and an unusually favorable specimen of its class.

The Gérôme has disappeared, and perhaps, when it comes back again, there will be another Gérôme on exhibition. We are promised a new exhibition at Tenth Street of pictures sent out by Mr. Gambart's house, under Mr. Pilgeram's direction.

At the Derby Gallery is a huge picture called the "Heroes of the Republic," by Mr. H. Balling, representing General Grant and twenty-six other "generals," all on horseback, and cantering somewhither. The portraits are tolerably faithful, so far as we know the originals. In other respects the picture does not require notice.

## Correspondence.

### GENERAL BUTLER AND HIS APPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I *pared* that apple. Do you *ever* eat apples or eggs without paring?  
Fastidiously yours,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

LOWELL, Nov. 12, 1866.

[We never do. We hold the act in great horror, and are relieved to find that General Butler has not been guilty of it. We were

misled into accusing him of it by the phraseology of the reporter, which described the general as having simply "cut" the apple, but we never supposed that it was more than an inadvertence into which he fell in the heat of debate.—ED. NATION.]

### DORÉ'S BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I find in your valuable paper of November 1 an error which I consider of some importance to correct, the more so, as I have found the same mistake in several papers, and I have reason to believe that the public is *intentionally* misled by some unscrupulous parties that want to take advantage of it. I refer to the original editions of Doré's Bible, with French text. A new imprint, with the addition of two new plates, and still more carefully printed on even better paper than the first edition, is now publishing at the old price, one hundred dollars for the whole work. I keep a full supply of these editions constantly on hand, and I regret most sincerely, for the honor of the trade, that extravagant prices have been asked and obtained under false pretences.

Yours respectfully,

F. W. CHRISTERN.

563 BROADWAY, November 5, 1866.

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